the ALTERNATIVE:
AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Two Views of

Malcolm Muggeridge

Richard Luckett
on Hitler Fever

Robert A. Nisbet
on John Stuart Mill

Robert H. Ferrell
on Henry Kissinger

Anthony Harrigan
on Oil and Guns

Special Report from Vietnam

by Neil Howe

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The Continuing Crisis

■ The oppressed peoples of the Third World have valiant India to thank for thwarting America's latest sally into imperialism. For months the treacherous American government has tied emergency shipments of grain to the stipulation that India forbear from reselling that grain to a foreign country, specifically Russia. Well, in January, Indian principle overcame Yankee guile, and Washington will send New Delhi 300,000 tons of grain with no restrictions or other sly encumbrances on the sovereignty of that humane and entertaining democracy. Bravo! And bravo, also, to Mrs. James Bauer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who has actually adopted a sixteen-day-old piglet.

■ Early in the month it was announced in the *New York Times* that this year's inexplicable infamy will be the Central Intelligence Agency's illegal domestic surveillance. Apparently it has been discovered that the CIA not only spied on Mr. Barry Goldwater, but it also spied on many leading American intellectuals such as Miss Eartha Kitt and Miss Joan Baez. And though it is still unclear exactly what the CIA has been doing this past quarter-century, President Gerald (Jerry) Ford appointed an eight-member panel to see to it that the CIA does not do it again. Meanwhile Tass has revealed that "behavior modification techniques [are] being developed to turn Americans into living robots"—a muckraking revelation worthy of a Pulitzer Prize at least!

■ The unemployment rate for December was up to 7.1%, counting the fifty-one legislators voted out of Congress in the 1974 primaries and general elections—which only proves that unemployment is not all bad and can even be salutary. It was announced that the Gross National Product slumped 9.1% from October to the end of December, and Mr. Meredith Wilson is crestfallen. In October high White House officials appointed him to undertake one of the most sophisticated aspects of Mr. Ford's complicated war on public enemy number one, inflation. Working around the clock, he was to conjure up a powerful "anti-inflation song," and by the end of October he sent Washington a stirring march, replete with cymbals, shouts, and the historic title "WIN." Apparently Administration economists were impressed by Mr. Wilson's *oeuvre*, for a White House spokesman solemnly insisted that "at the appropriate time" the song would be released. The excitement in Washington grew unbearable; until, on January 15, the President delivered his State of the Union Message, and...no song. When this journal telephoned Mr. Wilson to ask him why the President had not sung his song during the State of the Union Message, the distraught Mr. Wilson became abusive. Obviously inflation is no longer public enemy number one.

■ The Message represented an egregious breach with Washington propriety, which stunned the assembled legislators into almost total silence, a rare and notable occurrence in those garrulous purlieus. It has been yon generations since a President delivered a State of the Union Message adagio, and the solons made it clear by their restive silence and even some strategically intoned belches that, though they are progressive reformers of the purest breed, they still hanker for the traditional rococo sonorities and a splash of happy platitudes. Mr. Ford's glum diagnosis that "the state of the Union is not good" struck many listeners as unnecessarily pessimistic and certainly inappropriate to a political occasion. After all, many were still in the flush of their first congressional triumphs. The pay and the perquisites are now better than ever, and only one of their colleagues has actually been jailed this month. That fallen angel was the Rt. Hon. Bertram L. Podell, who suavely besought a Federal District Court in New York to give him another opportunity "to continue doing what I've been doing for so many years—to help other people." This obvious reference to the paltry $41,350 he squeezed while helping the people at Florida Atlantic Airlines secure a route to the Bahamas, somehow failed to ingratiate the silver-tongued solon to the Court, and he will have to spend six months in the calaboose before further humanitarian undertakings.

■ On January 11, a former Oklahoma Senator, Mr. Fred Harris, announced his Democratic candidacy for President. Mr. Harris, whose chairmanship of the Democratic Party ended in 1970 with the bankruptcy of the party and whose lavish 1971 candidacy lasted six weeks before it too landed in receivership, is running on an economic reform platform. Which makes the January declaration of consumer affairs advocate, Mr. Herbert S. Denenberg, all the more significant. According to Mr. Denenberg bankruptcy is a constitutional right, a cure for inflation, and a dignified option resorted to by any number of famous people, for instance Mr. Cortes Randell, Mr. Stanley Goldblum, and Mr. Tino DeAngelis, the Salad Oil King. Another hoary tradition has been given the boot; this time in the enlightened province of Colorado, where the environmentalist Governor-elect, Richard D. Lamm, climbed to the top of 14,110-foot Pikes Peak and composed his January 14th inaugural address, an incomprehensible manifesto of hodge and podge. And from Salt Lake City comes news that when a grand jury indicted fifteen people for securities-law violations, and withheld their names until arrests were made, nine people turned themselves in—only one of whom was actually on the list of those indicted.

■ The Watergate jury convicted three assistant presidents and an Armenian on charges stemming from the Watergate coverup. It was the first time an Armenian had been found guilty in Watergate-related charges, and for that matter it was the first time a lawyer had been acquitted. Congressman Wilbur D. Mills announced in a press release that he had become an alcoholic, and Mr. Jim (Catfish) Hunter became a Yankee.

■ The gentle doves of peace are slowly bu surely alighting in Indochina thanks t Congress' willingness to slash military appropriations to Cambodia and South Viet nam. At this writing the Communists hav managed to pacify all of Phuoc Long province in South Vietnam. Pentagon sources predic that Cambodia will exhaust its military sup plies by the end of April.

■ Central City, Colorado's annual Spittin' Belchin', and Cussin' Contest adjourned early, possibly because Mr. Harold (I Live fo Filth) Fielden failed to show up to defend his eructation title, but more likely because connoisseurs of the annual contest had been drawn to Washington by the promise of a gorgeous spectacle from the fabulous Ninety fourth Congress. The Congress convened on January 13, and promptly unhorsed no fewer than four House committee chairmen, who will now scramble to regain their seats in what is bound to be a more vulgar show than anything Central City has seen in years. Even life-long residents of Washington seemed appalled. So blowsy a crowd is the new Congress that Rep Bella Abzug's inclusion as one of the worst dressed women of the year is, by hindsight apt to be judged high tribute. A fact redolent of Congress' general coarseness and low grade of intelligence is that no Congress in American history has been composed of so many freshman representatives, artless enough to claim their occupation as "politician." It is as though members of the Sacred College of Cardinals were to claim to be magicians.

■ Incidentally, included along with La Abzug on that list of ill-groomed beauties was the temptress, Miss Fanne Fox, and someone who calls herself Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia and who has been seen dunking maraschino cherries with the dyspeptic Welsh actor Mr Richard Burton.

■ Man's assault on wildlife continues. The Interior Department has placed the grizzly bear on the threatened species list, and in France the last male descendant in the de Portal line was mortally wounded when French paratroopers invaded his family's ancient lair and evicted him as a common scofflaw. But French veterinarians and humanitarians did vehemently condemn the fatal shooting of those four lions at the Frejus Zoo, who, in their innocence, ate the zoo director and his assistant.

■ Two more chapters can be added to the Playboy philosophy. In Chicago, Mr. Hugh Hefner's executive secretary exited for the heavenly mansion after downing a fatal blend of drugs, and in Manchester, Iowa two farmers are suing farmer Henry Bockenstedt because of the amorous assaults committed by his young bull, Teddy. Though only six months old, Teddy allegedly broke from his pasture and had sexual relations with forty-three purebred Holstein heifers in four hours and thirty-three minutes, a feat unsur passed even at the Playboy Mansion!

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Editorial/R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Timeless Buncombe at the UN

In musing over the various abominations committed by the duly constituted governments of this world, it has occurred to me many times that when General Washington and his colleagues gathered to devise a constitution those many years ago they must have felt pretty low. Though we have all heard tell of how the Founding Fathers strode into Philadelphia loaded with patriotic brag and bounce, I suspect that in reality they trudged into town begloomed and besotted. Far from tingling with great expectations I suspect that the boys were apprehensive, ornery, and well into the sauce by the time they tied their limousines to the Indian Queen Tavern, their Waldorf Astoria for the next three or four months. They were a clever and worldly crowd, and as any careful reader of Madison's *Notes* will tell you, they held no delusions about government's time-honored proclivity to commit mayhem and atrocity on liberty. "Forging a new government" might have thrilled a few crusading journalists and their ilk, but most of the participants at Philadelphia probably knew it was only a matter of time before historians put them down as something akin to unindicted coconspirators. Old Philadelphia may have echoed nightly with the cluck cluckings of the eighteenth century counterparts to the League of Women Voters, but over at the Indian Queen the Founders probably had to pass the jug far into the night before dozing off, so full were they with visions of the McGoverns and Nixons waiting in the wings.

Now I realize that the pedagogues tell us these were revolutionaries charged with lofty purpose and eager to launch the freest, most virtuous, government in Christendom; but for the most part the Founders held whiggish scruples about placing "power" in the hands of their fellows. They advocated relatively weak government, and it is not unreasonable to believe that as the Articles of Confederation's relatively weak government began to sputter, those worthies soon to be known as the Founding Fathers began taking melancholy walks into the forest. The young nation was already burdened with debt, the states were being governed by incompetents every bit as fabulous as the present management of the Penn Central and the Postal Service, and across the ocean the crowned clowns of Europe were enjoying a voluptuous guffaw. The Founders must have realized that it was just a matter of time before their wives badgered them into drawing up a government that would remain solvent yet off their backs—at least until they all were in residence with the archangels. It was an eminently unfeasible undertaking, and it is no surprise that an inordinate number of the old boys died destitute and pickled in booze.

I did not confect this tale of revisionism to bring scorn or snickers to the memory of the Founding Fathers, but rather to contrast their admirable circumspection about government's usefulness with the utter abandon that characterizes the founding fathers of more recent years, especially the prehensile scoundrels who have absconded with political clout in those primitive purlieus which we choose to call the Third World. In the years of American infancy our leaders not only refrained from turning America into their own fiefdoms, but they tried to prevent future leaders from doing so. What is more they did not make America into an international nuisance as so many of the African leaders are now doing. The men presiding over the birth of the American republic were sober advocates of limited and peaceful government not because they lacked the imagination of con artists like Indira Gandhi or because they lacked the opportunities for international mischief afforded by malevolent forums like the United Nations, but because they had read the history of the West and they realized that soon or late every government becomes the apparatus one scoundrel uses to fleece his neighbors or to act out his fantasies on a world stage. How successful their efforts were is still subject to debate, but the French Revolution bears historic testimony to the Founders' perspicacity and to America's good fortune in having Washington, Madison, et al. around when the Hanovers became intolerable; for shortly after our Founding Fathers headed for home a more sanguine and energetic conception of government got hold of French politicoes. In short order theft was legalized, murder was a virtuous political expedient, and Frenchmen were governed by an emperor who was a dwarf and a nuisance to all Europe.

A more modern reminder of how fortunate America was in its infancy has been afforded us by that assortment of Arab, African, and pseudosocialist nations christened since the end of World War II and launched in a gorgeous froth of democratic idealism so bogus it would have brought a scowl to the sunny countenance of a William Jennings Bryan. Today the bloom is off and their general characteristics are tawdry dictatorship, political assassination, mass hunger, petty warfare, a socialism better described as feudalism, periodic slips into bestial primitivism, rapacity at the top, poverty amongst the lower orders, and the propagation of highflown locutions that are self-serving, hypocritical, illogical, and about to replace French as the language of diplomacy. Taken together they constitute a mob of rascals and swindlers whose depredations on their abused citizenry are the authentic realization of our Founding Fathers' admonitions and fears. It should surprise no one that they act as one at the United Nations, at world food conferences, or wherever else civilized men can easily be put down by boorishness and the bandito mentality.

After all most of the leaders of these nations gained their high political office by scratching, gouging, and butchering their opponents. Internationally they have gained influence by honeyfogling the civilized nations or throwing temper tantrums. Those who are not arrant hypocrites and swindlers are arrant hypocrites, swindlers, and murderers. The vast sums they have begged and borrowed have been squandered on palaces, sports stadiums, and personal indulgences that would cloy a tycoon from the Harlem numbers racket. Their tyrannized citizens have clung to the hem of starvation while their governments scotch progress and make off with foreign investment. Their rhetoric is an eclectic Marxism iced with humanistic goo. Stalin and Hitler have provided their political theory, a fact which the incomparable General Idi Amin readily admits. Still their political ascendancy in their own countries, surprising though it may have been to the West's ritualistic liberals, was about what our Founding Fathers anticipated. Their prepotency at the United Nations is something else.

It is there, I dare say, that they have carried their excesses even beyond the Founders' gloomiest imaginings. The Founders feared what Madison once described as "gradual and silent encroachments" and "violent and sudden usurpations," but the fuliginous Machiavels of the General Assembly have acted neither gradually nor silently. Though their armed forces could be rounded up by a regiment of dog catchers, they have—in a matter of years—quite literally rampaged and subdued the United Nations, thoroughly debauching that quaintly idealistic organization, which was chartered in 1945 to make the world safe for Adlai Stevenson.

Today they regularly turn the podium over to professional murderers who harangue about peace and justice with the kind of lissome logic that was the specialty of Corporal Hitler. In their recent session they swallowed whole the invidious proposals of the Palestine Liberation Organization and invited its leader to strut and bluster before them, where he paid his respects to the UN's peaceful ideals by toting a pistol during the entire preposterous assembly. When they are not wildly applauding murderers like Dr. Castro and Yasir Arafat, the Third

(continued on page 25)

William Nolte

Muggeridge, Credulous Skeptic

Recently I had the opportunity to dine with Peter Quennell, historian, critic, editor—one of England's eminent men of letters. It was the usual sort of academic exercise that visiting bigwigs are asked to endure. A dozen or so professors of literature and history, plus a sprinkling of deans to give a dull glow to the gathering, a few good drinks (it takes more skill than the average bartender has to concoct a bad one) before and after a bad meal, concluding with a "question period" that enabled the honored guest to air his views on whatever topic or topics happened to be fevering the Prof. Drs.—in this case British politicians. Not the sort of thing to make one stomp one's feet and jump up and cheer. As luck would have it I was able, unobtrusively I hope, to chat with Mr. Quennell during the preprandial lull. We discussed his studies of Byron and the English Romantic period (works I admire very much), commented on Doris Moore's and Leslie Marchand's Byron scholarship, and then I remarked in answer to his query about my present writing that I was reading the opera of Malcolm Muggeridge preparatory to doing an essay on him for this great family journal. What, I asked, did Mr. Q. think of MM? Not much, really. Faint praise, an acerb exception or two, and a final remark that Muggeridge was, after all, just a journalist and hence not to be taken too seriously. When the dinner bell sounded the warning, he was regaling me with a juicy tale about Malcolm's lasciviousness. The wretched fodder finally dispelled the warm feeling that issued from somewhere south of the pericardium.

As for the charge that Muggeridge is a journalist, one must first admit its validity and then dismiss it as being meaningless—that is, if one considers "journalist" a pejorative term. List the greatest writers since Gutenberg and you'll find that all but a handful were journalists in some capacity or other. So, too, for that matter, was the author of *Lives of the Caesars* a journalist. Muggeridge has, incidentally, always reminded me of Suetonius—in his concern for details that light up the canvas at the same time they humanize the portrait, in his central concern with individuals rather than ideas, in his fascination with power and his debunking of the powerful, and in his lucid prose style, at once free-wheeling and strictly controlled. The best of Muggeridge can be compared without condescension to the great essayists of the past, from Montaigne to Mencken. Though not really on their level, he at times can make you think he is.

I have been reading Muggeridge's articles for years and would no more miss one of his mensual discourses on books (as often as not on the authors more than on the books) in *Esquire* magazine than I would miss breaking fast in the morning, or (following Paul's advice to Timothy) taking a little wine for my stomach's sake in the evening. Indeed, his is invariably the first, and sometimes only, essay I read in that periodical. So long as his name remains on the list of contributors, the publisher may consider my subscription safe. He leadeth me beside the turbid (to update the adjective) waters and restoreth my soul. No other commentator on the age has so consistently clear a vision, or is able to describe our peculiar, as well as eternal, lunacies in such sharp and vibrant phrases. Among recent writers, only Mencken is palpably his superior as a master of English prose. Indeed, the two have often been compared, though not always, I am convinced, very judiciously.

To begin with, Muggeridge possesses little of the great gusto that Mencken got into his work. Mencken took a heathenish delight in the world out there and in the farcical antics of the people in it, and he infects us with that joy. Muggeridge talks of joy frequently and protests that he experiences its touch in the sounds of music and in the coming of spring, but his joy is essentially an inner thing, something essentially private. One delights in his articles, in his felicitous phrasing, his witty rejoinders, the constant surprise in his imagery and figures of speech—above all, in his absolute refusal to swallow the false and empty doctrines of wordmongers and worldsavers. But rather than laugh at human absurdities, as Mencken laughed, he shakes his head, pulls a long face, and laments—and thereby encourages us to turn our heads away from much of what is most delightful in this most delightful of all worlds. Mencken was a confirmed sinner and proud of it. Moreover, he readily forgave those who succumbed to the Old Adam within them. Muggeridge loathes and fears the fleshly appetites and is unforgiving of the sensualist—especially when the sensualist happens to be himself. He now and again engages in something not far removed from self-flagellation.

Moreover, Muggeridge has always had, so my researches in his early work confirm, a strong moralistic bent. Rather than view life in aesthetic terms, he sees human existence as a constant struggle between good and evil, right and wrong. His journey has been a pilgrim's progress—from what he would call the darkness of materialism into the light of idealism. Believing power to be an unalloyed evil, he has always disliked the great movers of the earth—those who live in the will. Having known most of the eminent figures (particularly the political potentates) of this century, he learned in his early reportorial days that just beneath the purple worn by the mighty is, more often than not, a coat of motley worn next to the skin. He sees too clearly to be taken in by mass approval or to lend credence to what others say they see. While others lavish praise on the emperor's new clothes, Malcolm blushes and points his finger at the naked man on horseback. In a long essay ("The Loved One") on the godawful books written about John Kennedy, before and after his death, he concludes with a warning and a moral, as it were, that bear repeating:

"There is nothing worse for intellectuals than to attach themselves to authority, other than for money, or for fun at authority's expense; or, as happened in the case of Voltaire and Frederick the Great, for both.... It is difficult to think of a single case of a writer whose talent has not been contaminated to the point of extinction by association with authority on other than hostile or subversive terms."

All of which is not, alas, to say that his skepticism is always proof against his credulity. Indeed, his very distrust of the popular view (like Kierkegaard he associates the Many with Untruth) has led him, by a circuitous but inevitable path, to the conclusion that whatever most so-called intelligent people dismiss as preposterous must, ipso facto, warrant close attention if not belief. The fact is that he was not born with a doubting mind, as was Mencken, but rather was made a skeptic through disillusionment. Such men readily succumb to the virus of anti-intellectualism. "Animistic savages," he wrote in *The Green Stick,* "prostrating themselves before a painted stone have always seemed to me to be nearer the truth than any Einstein or Bertrand Russell." I seriously doubt that he *always* believed such nonsense, but let it go. Having asked us to swallow that camel, he then goes the whole hog, abandons sense altogether, and insists that salvation resides in Hope: "As it might be pigs in a crowded sty, jostling and shoving to bury their snouts in the trough; until one of them momentarily lifts his snout upwards in the air, in so doing expressing the hope of all enlightenment to come; breaking off from his guzzling to point with his lifted snout to where the angels and archangels gather round God's throne." Arise, you pigs of the world, point your snouts at the empyrean and thus occupy the vacant places among the heavenly hosts! Not even D.H. Lawrence, whom Muggeridge never tires of mocking for his belief in "blood knowledge" and his silly phallic consciousness, ever performed a greater travesty on human reason. Little wonder that he should delight in quoting Pascal's remark that to look for God is to find Him. Other favorites whom he frequently quotes are St. Francis of Assisi, William Blake, Kierkegaard, the aged Tolstoy (after he'd gone crazy), and Simone Weil.

Let us trace this wondrous spoor to its origin. I think it evident that Malcolm's journey to the mourners' bench has been straight and true from the beginning. Made straight by his insistence that truth always resides in paradox and can be revealed in either/or propositions. For Muggeridge there is no middle ground, no shadings of light and dark—but only right and wrong, heaven and hell (the latter being our present home), faith and doubt, spirit and flesh, life and legend, imagination and will. He sounds, indeed, like T.S. Eliot, whom he dislikes intensely (he once described Eliot's work as the death rattle in the throat of a dying civilization), in his desire to escape the confines of natural process: "Changeless in a changing world; everlastingly true amidst the swirling fantasy of passing time." At the still point only the Word remains. The quotation comes from *Something Beautiful for God* (1971), an insignificant little book that might appeal to the sentimental but must make the judicious grieve. Written as a tribute to Mother Teresa of Calcutta, who has devoted her life to helping the poor and comforting the dying in that wretched city, the book displays Muggeridge at his worst—confessing to guilt feelings for having physical comforts denied to street beggars, pretending to believe that suffering and poverty are beautiful, trying to pass off the inspirational gumdrops of Mother Teresa as inspired wisdom. Wallowing in the stench of human degradation. All in all, a self-flagellatory exercise in pity which can only end in nausea. In an interview with Mother Teresa he asks if she believes there are too many children in India. Her mindless and unwittingly cruel answer tells us more than we might want to know about such simple saints. Of course she doesn't believe there are too many "because God always provides. He provides for the flowers and the birds, for everything in the world that he has created. And those little children are his life. There can never be enough."

> "Between heaven in heaven and heaven on earth, Muggeridge chooses the former. As if, God help us all, there were only these two choices!"

In *Jesus Rediscovered* (1969) Muggeridge says much the same thing about overpopulation, which he dismisses as "fantasy." He blames birth control pills and abortion for erotica. Indeed, he has difficulty in seeing the cause for anything. He believes, for example, that all man's efforts in this century to make the world a better place and human life more tolerable have had the effect of making it worse. Christianity demands, he says, that we "worship defeat, not victory; failure, not success; surrender, not defiance; deprivation, not satiety; weakness, not strength. We are to lose our lives in order to keep them, to die in order to live." Throughout he denigrates the churches in the name of Jesus and "the true belief," thus sounding, at best, like a Kierkegaard or a Milton, and, at worst, like a clerical windjammer exhorting his captive audience to get the Christ back into Christmas.

Though a recent convert to the pious platitudes of street-corner evangels, Muggeridge has always been an otherworldly sort—his eye fixed on distant shires, his ear cocked to receive unheard and unearthly melodies. He has always been the prisoner of dreams; from the Fabian socialism, inherited from his father, he moved to the misty transcendentalism of his later years. When he lost his dream of heaven on earth, while "padding about the streets of Moscow" in the early 1930s as a correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*, he simply substituted in its place a different dream of heaven. That winter in Russia constituted his journey on the road to Emmaus, for it was there in that madhouse of false and fraudulent hopes which men entertained of an earthly utopia that he once and for all concluded that such secular dreams were doomed and damned. In his novelistic record of his experience, *Winter in Moscow* (1934), he savagely indicts the Communist fanaticism which effectively restored the Inquisition while creating a new idolatry that demanded for its sacrificial victim the peasantry. In addition he attacks the Western correspondents for swallowing Soviet lies and then helping to propagate them abroad. Forty years later he still frequently refers to the gullibility of those on-the-spot reporters, leaving the impression that he was almost the only one awake or honest enough to see that Russia had become a gigantic prison. From his experience he learned the elementary lesson—one we are apt to forget even as it is repeated over and over—that most people most of the time believe what they want to believe. While he can forgive the Great Unwashed for their belief in the palpably untrue, he remains waspishly harsh, as he should be, on the intellectuals for being taken in. Men of such sharp and penetrating vision naturally tend toward pessimism and misanthropy. After the fashion of Swift, or Mark Twain, or, more recently, Robinson Jeffers, who, after observing the blind leading the blind into the 1939-1945 war, wrote in his poem, "The Soul's Desert (August 30, 1939)": "Clearly it is time / To become disillusioned, each person to enter his own soul's desert / And look for God—having seen men." This is precisely what Muggeridge has done.

By the time he came to write *The Sun Never Sets* (1940), Muggeridge was convinced that Hobbes was right in his famous statement: "The general inclination of all mankind is a perpetual and restless desire after power which ceaseth only in death." The more he observed those who represented the wishes of the great nations, the more despairing—and the more aloof—he became. When he avers, for example, that "Men can only be humble if they have a God, only content to be alike if they feel themselves children belonging to one family with a father in Heaven," he advocates through implication a quietism that only mystics or those who have despaired of all save a quiet grave would accept. To such abnegation of the will he offers only one alternative (again, the either/or argument): an activism that leads inevitably to

mass tyranny. Everywhere in this generally excellent and dispassionate study he shows the nations of Europe following, whether freely or through historic necessity (it matters little which), the latter course. But I wonder: Is not quietism a form of death just as surely as activism is a burning away of living tissue?

One passage in the book reveals clearly his attitude toward the tyranny of the majority, which Muggeridge considers the salient fact of twentieth-century societies, or rather of Civilization in its final death throes: "The Sovereign People owe allegiance only to themselves; their enthronement must, therefore, result in their utter subjection to an abstraction—their own corporate existence, as embodied in the State, and, finally, in a demagogue who identifies his and the State's will. Becoming Sovereign, the People had to become slaves; and the Totalitarian State, whether in its classless, socialist society or Third Reich version, is the full realization of their slavery." I would like very much to disagree with such a view, but all efforts at refutation have amounted to little more than quibbling with his manner of statement. All such extreme individualists arrive finally at that essentially anarchistic position. I recall an aphorism of the Baltimore Sage: "Every decent man is ashamed of the government he lives under." The adjective says it all.

In contrast to most modern rebels, or postromantics, Muggeridge is not an egoist. There are no eternal Yeas or Nays in his lexicon. He no more deifies the ego after the fashion of Nietzsche's *Übermensch*, than he glorifies the State after the fashion of the Marxists or Democratic Man. Whitman's soaring strophes in praise of the demos and the all-encompassing "I" are strident discords to his fastidious ear, on the intellectual level of a college yell. He insists that he, too, is a servant to the Lords of Life, a mere seaman before the mast. He cannot even believe strongly in the worth of his own prose. "I am always," he wrote in *The Infernal Grove*, "surprised when anything I do is well received. Also disconcerted, since I can never manage, ultimately, to persuade myself that what is applauded is ever any good." From others I might write this off as false modesty, but not from Muggeridge. His recent conversion to Christianity—or rather his conversion to the teachings of Jesus, an entirely different matter—has the ring of true conviction.

But not, unhappily, of much understanding. He errs badly, for instance, in assuming pessimism to be, or ever to have been, "Christianity's great strength, and the reason for its survival." The obvious fact is that all millennial theories, and especially Christianity and Marxism, are extremely optimistic, not only because of the salvation promised to individuals but for the meliorism at their core, the view that Progress is in the nature of things, whether it be in the Mind of God or in Historic Process. Christians and Marxists, it seems to me, hate each other not because they differ but because each is working the same side of the street—one selling pie in the sky and the other pie on earth. Between heaven in heaven—a dubious proposition, Muggeridge admits—and heaven on earth, he chooses the former. As if, God help us all, there were only these two choices! In such matters, he resembles those romantics whom he most detests—Eliot, Lawrence, H.G. Wells, et al.

Muggeridge is at his best, it seems to me, in describing the persons and places he has known. He has a good eye for the color and light bathing the objects before him, and he has the steady hand of a master portraitist. I thus consider his two autobiographical volumes by far his most impressive work, and look forward to the next volume, hoping it will not be the last. *The Green Stick* and *The Infernal Grove*, and some of the essays in the collection *The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge*, will still find readers, I sincerely hope, long after we and our troubles have been dispersed to the four winds. Those books provide a delightful experience in that they so marvelously recreate for us his own experience, which has been wide and varied. If his ideas are not very convincing or profound, and he has only a minor skill at tracing causes, he nonetheless gives his reader a front-row seat at the Show. □

Neil Howe

Special Report from Vietnam

Neil Howe, formerly managing editor of The Alternative, *has recently returned from extensive travels in South Vietnam.*

Just outside of Saigon, beside the main road leading east, stands a huge piece of stone on which some government mason once chiseled the inscription: "We shall never forget the noble sacrifice of allied lives." The stone appears to be more than a year old now, and its presence startles the American visitor whose eyes have been numbed by the timeless vista of ricefields, shantytowns, and torn pieces of barbed wire. In a landscape which seldom changes, the passing of an era is marked: the Americans, like the French, are gone. To the South Vietnamese, the stone represents a new sense of attachment to what is now their own country and war, since monuments vowing never to forget are always the beginning of forgetting. To myself as an American it signified an improbability, a "post-American" South Vietnam, the persistence of a republic which we never expected to survive our departure.

Most Americans accepted defeat here six years ago, when President Nixon announced that we could not wait for victory but would settle for "peace with honor." In 1968 the premature predictions of U.S. military advisors had been proven false by the Tet Offensive, the mounting cost of war was unsupportable, and it seemed obvious—now that we were leaving—that the collapse of the South was just a matter of time. Today it may still be just a matter of time. But how much time? Perversely enough, the Republic is still around, two years after the withdrawal of the last American combat troops. Total U.S. aid for 1974, measured in dollars, is about one-twentieth of what it was in 1968 (aid for Fiscal Year 1975 is $700 million; total spent for aid and the war since 1962 is $162 billion) and it shows every sign of hitting an asymptotic zero within the next decade. It is clear now that if the South does survive in the long run, it will be because the South Vietnamese government succeeded on its own efforts and with its own methods. It will not be because the Americans assured, or even expected success.

1. Americans in Retrospect

The Republic shows no sign of being any nearer collapse today than when the U.S. withdrawal began five years ago, and this fact alone casts shades of doubt on the effectiveness of our effort during the sixties. If some South Vietnamese once worried that disaster might follow the disappearance of the American aura, few worry any longer. The aura, it seems, is dispensible. The South Vietnamese leadership is still concerned with how much gas or how much ammunition the diminishing American aid can buy them, but no longer do they want American advice on how to use that aid. Indeed, nowadays the South Vietnamese can be bluntly to-the-point in explaining where the United States erred in its method of conducting the war. →

Much of this criticism is a government attempt to justify its own sense of pride in having taken over from the Americans in such an exemplary fashion. Some too can be traced back to a certain bitterness—not bitterness that the Americans have left, but bitterness that the Vietnamese allowed themselves to be deluded by American hope and optimism. One sin which the Vietnamese rarely commit unless encouraged is the sin of impatience, and the South Vietnamese in retrospect regret that the terrible impatience of the Americans disrupted their natural equanimity. Today they nearly over-react against the American approach to problem solving. From South Vietnamese leaders, for instance, one hears universally pessimistic predictions about the length of the war. "I am convinced," an Assistant Prime Minister told me, "that the North Vietnamese army will never leave the South. All we can do for the next generation is to keep them out of the way." Such remarks are made in a pointed and skeptical fashion, as if to tell Americans that some problems, like monsoon seasons, are more to be lived with than solved.

Allied military strategy, say many South Vietnamese, was so prepossessed by impatience that it committed itself entirely to a short-run, "quick victory" philosophy, and thus doomed itself to failure. The purpose of massive firepower was to win the war in a hurry. Since it was found that firepower is only effective against a concentrated enemy, the allies grew increasingly dependent on aggressive "search and destroy" tactics to concentrate the enemy in battle, or on costly gadgetry to hit him when concentrated out of battle. Either way, the expense was unacceptable. Moving innocent battalions through unknown forests pushed the total casualty figure beyond any forecast, to 56,000 U.S. troops killed, and the attempt to destroy enemy units by blindly flattening areas of countryside with bombs and shells (this was literally common practice in the sixties) squandered fortunes in material wealth. To the South Vietnamese and eventually to the Americans, this seemed a ghastly way to buy time. ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam) generals were never really taken by such characteristically American ideas as (1) trying to defend unimportant, "strategic" outposts, (2) keeping all firepower isolated and mobile, and (3) moving large units through insecure territory. These practices have since been discontinued by ARVN—and none of the dire consequences feared by the Americans has ensued.

As went the American military effort, so went the American economic effort. Because the South Vietnamese economy was to be supported only as a brief, interlocutory step to victory, it was kept upright day-to-day by the indiscriminate scattering of U.S. dollars. But victory never came. In time, South Vietnamese society found itself crippled by years of artificial wealth without capital investment, and the bitter fruits of a bloated service sector, decreasing inhibitions against corruption, and unreasonable urbanization (from 85 percent to 55 percent rural in less than ten years). By solving *ex machina* every immediate shortage, the Americans discouraged any long-range economic planning or thinking. Today, in the midst of a depression, the government's ministries are finding that it is no simple matter to persuade the Vietnamese public, either by disciplinary law or by audacious promise, to commit themselves once again to the future of their economic well-being.

The introduction of American ground troops, South Vietnamese now admit for the first time, was a deceptively counterproductive decision because of its devastating effect on the morale of Vietnamese soldiers. The scene is still vividly recollected: giant, strong, well-fed, well-equipped Marines splashing ashore at Cam Ranh with the world's most sophisticated weaponry among them and a tradition of invincibility behind them. A question, I was told, secretly formed in the mind of the young Vietnamese recruit: "If the Americans think this war is so important that *they* are willing to die for it, then they simply won't accept defeat; so why should *we* die?" What followed, naturally, was the gradual disintegration of ARVN's effectiveness and the dismaying reports in U.S. newspapers about ARVN troops playing transistor radios in the jungle to keep from surprising the enemy. At the root of this peculiar morale problem lay the more profound inability of the United States to determine its own *raison d'être* in Southeast Asia. On the one hand, we wanted Vietnam to remain noncommunist for our own interests as a world power. On the other hand, we wanted the Vietnamese themselves to want what we wanted, to fight their own war and win their own freedom. As a result we equivocated, keeping both ideas alive and never resolving their inherent inconsistency. What we never realized is that no one will try to win in his own interest unless he faces a real possibility of losing.

The American withdrawal—by telling the Vietnamese that it was no longer important that *we* win—gave the Vietnamese a chance to lose. Coincidentally or not, most American advisors began to notice improving performance on the part of ARVN in 1969 and 1970, when the United States was pulling out its first divisions. So it is understandable, even if it is surprising, that I encountered among loyal South Vietnamese—military included—unmistakable disfavor toward the possibility of reintroducing American troops no matter what the circumstances. In fact, some go so far as to say that our use of ground troops was the most tragic mistake of the war. To the extent that the American presence suffocated Southern morale, I was reminded, it encouraged Communist determination immensely, and gave them an ideal psychological weapon. They could invoke decades of anti-imperialist propaganda and deride the soldiers in ARVN and the officials in the government, many of whom fought at one time against the French, for their despicable lack of historical principle.

Of course, the United States still gives the Republic military aid, but the provision of materiel should not be confused with the provision of soldiers. To the Vietnamese, weapons are utterly different from lives. Weapons are only means, lives are commitment. The North Vietnamese leadership (today, the North Vietnam Army is receiving nearly as much foreign aid as ARVN) is careful to observe this distinction. It doesn't worry that the rank-and-file NVA soldiers can see that their cannons are calibrated in Russian, not Vietnamese, letters. But it is extremely careful that when foreign personnel are called in (as the Chinese were in great numbers to garrison North Vietnamese cities during the last two offensives), they are kept hidden and are returned as soon as the emergency is over. The allies were not as careful.

So most South Vietnamese have drawn a mixed assessment of the American era. True, those who understand the realities of modern warfare regret the disappearance of American firepower and are genuinely grateful for what the United States continues to supply them. Sometimes, confidentially, they will tell a visitor that they only wish that some of the ammunition dumped so ineffectively into the wilds eight or nine years ago was still around today to relieve their present tight rationing of munitions. But everyone except the black-market kings agree that the South Vietnamese, collectively, have made enormous gains in self-confidence and in a sense of participation in their nation's future. The South Vietnamese leadership, according to long-time American residents and observers, has matured miraculously in the time it took them to appreciate their isolation.

> Loyal South Vietnamese—military included—often say that the use of American ground troops was the most tragic mistake of the war.

2. The People

Watching Saigon taxi drivers, I concluded that indifference in the face of peril is a trademark of the Vietnamese character. In any case, the Vietnamese are a serious, not demonstrative people. At work they are intense and inexhaustible, but do not show off their industry like the Japanese. At leisure they tend to be introspective, and their art—from

poetry to painting—has the cool, understated grace of individuals who think things out in private. In physical appearance, the typical Vietnamese is not only small but slight; unlike the American, he has developed his muscles for endurance rather than strength, and when he has to do a job, he does it bit by bit and thoroughly. To the extent that the future of South Vietnam is now exclusively in native hands, it will be molded by such numberless character traits as these. As far as the long-term survival of the Republic is concerned, I think it is possible to identify among them two salient tendencies: first, an intense and profound sense of tradition; second, a deadly earnestness about politics. Both of these tendencies, however somber, are bound to determine the future just as surely as they have determined the past.

Respect for tradition embraces all aspects of South Vietnamese life. To a degree, tradition is simply the natural instinct of a pious and agrarian people: whatever has been is probably still good enough. The son, if he has the choice, will plow the same ground the same way as his great-great-grandfather; if he has to build a new house, he will use the old design, and if he has to use corrugated metal instead of thatching, he will be sure the roof slopes at the old angle. In the cities old ruins are rarely torn down, and if a nineteenth-century French administrator could return today, he might find even Saigon a nostalgic scene. He would recognize the same French bricks peeking up occasionally through the pavement, the same tree-lined boulevards, the same stately mediterranean walls (now often half-covered by barbed wire), the same pagodas and cathedrals, and even the same clothing on the people. Incredibly, urban as well as rural Vietnamese have resisted Western dress almost entirely. They adhere to a traditional and undemocratic dress code which differentiates sharply between soldier and administrator, clerk and farmer, student and wife. Dress reflects the care with which life decisions are made in South Vietnam. Marriage and profession are considered too important not to be decided by convention and announced by appearance.

Then, of course, there is Tradition spelled with a large T, upheld by the three major religions (one might more accurately say "religious tendencies") in South Vietnam. Confucianism and Buddhism, which account for the majority of the people, Catholicism (about 15 percent), as well as the minor, local religions all teach the importance of ceremony and the strong bond between past and present. Confucian principles especially form a sort of didactic arsenal into which the government can dip endlessly for support. Little Confucian apothegms show up in boxes in government-leaning newspapers—loyalty above all: first to father, then to family, then to village, then to state. Ancestor worship is practiced nearly everywhere. If a peasant has in his house anything of value that has been spared the ravages of war, it will be a large chest, exhibited proudly, displaying photographs and memorabilia of the family's departed (often long-departed) members. Even in the residence of an otherwise Western, urban sophisticate, such a chest in the front room stands as an explanation of where and whom he comes from. The Confucian ethic took strong roots in the sober Vietnamese character; interestingly, it seems to find a more favorable home here than it ever did in its native China.

In recent years the conscious presence of tradition has been accentuated by the South's deteriorating economy and the receding American influence. The Vietnamese family, in times of hardship, becomes more than a nexus of authority and ceremony; it becomes a vital unit of economic survival. One frequently hears these days of one lucky son or daughter, having landed a lucrative clerical job, supporting an extended family of eight or ten brothers, sisters, and cousins. As machines and gasoline grow scarcer, more things are done the way they always were done. Food is transported on poles, working men travel by bicycle or foot, rice is shelled by wooden blocks, and boats are propelled by paddle. It is symbolic of this post-American era that farmers who once used tractors are being forced again back to the reliable, ages-old water buffalo (which are being imported in great numbers from Taiwan).

> To the extent that the future of South Vietnam is now in native hands it will be molded by a profound sense of tradition and a deadly earnestness about politics.

The American way of getting work done is admired, but the American way of life is not always envied. South Vietnamese, from what they know, have come to regard many American social mores as alienating or disorienting. On several separate occasions, I listened to astonished Vietnamese relate the substance of an article reprinted in the Saigon press from some U.S. newspaper. It seems that a well-to-do, recently deceased lady in New York had given her entire fortune to a favorite nurse because her own children had forgotten her and had not seen her in years. They thought such a thing was incredible. To me, it was entirely believable, although I recognized too that what in America we approvingly call social mobility would strike these people as gruesomely uncivilized. Contact with the world at large is making South Vietnamese self-conscious of their own traditionalism. Self-consciousness, combined with a high level of education (80 percent literacy, the highest in East Asia except Japan), offers them a unique perspective from which to judge prevailing twentieth-century custom. Unlike the citizens of most "underdeveloped" nations, they are acutely aware of the cultural costs of "developing." They fear a Western future. They tend to resent change even where it is necessary, even where there is no choice but to build new houses for the homeless or find new jobs for the unemployed. To this extent the government, because it must identify itself with economic progress, runs against, not with, the instincts of tradition.

The people, I have said, are deadly serious about politics. Americans, with their clichés about the apathy of the rice farmer and the carelessness of the Saigon functionary, generally misunderstand this aspect of South Vietnamese character. It is true—and it is truer the further you are from Saigon—that the people do not share the Western idea of politics as the workings of an elected organization limited in power and designed according to constitutional principles. But the South Vietnamese do hold tenaciously to their own idea of politics as the formal and ritualized functioning of the social order. What is important in Vietnamese government—and this again rests on the strength of the classic Confucian model—is to define and idealize the social organism which already exists, and to duplicate in law its infinitely complicated lines of authority, deference, and privilege. In a discussion with Vietnamese on politics, the Westerner finds himself trying to steer the topic toward some analytical model: politics as the issue of legal precedent or as a response to economic necessity. The Vietnamese, on the other hand, insists on the importance of some clearly defined social responsibility, the nuances of which are quite beyond the Westerner's depth. For all of its seeming lack of definition, the South Vietnamese does not take his politics lightly. He can sum up his views artfully and succinctly, argue for them, work for them—and if need be fight and die for them.

Given this understanding of politics, it is only natural that the primary political issue at stake in most of the debating, demonstrating, and even in the fighting, is the question of corruption versus integrity in government, while other issues (many of which would be of more concern to Westerners—such as election fraud or mismanagement of the economy) go unmentioned even by the most disaffected radical. This point bears explaining. In the West (as Watergate has shown) however unsightly corruption may appear, it is still regarded as aberrant behavior, something which can always be prevented by tighter laws or stricter separation of powers. But in South Vietnam, where constitutional procedure is still a young idea and where leaders govern their constituencies with the informality and directness you might find in a large family, corruption is more than malfunc-

tioning government—it is illegitimate government. Corruption means that a leader has abrogated his all-important social obligations. To the degree that South Vietnamese mingle the social and political order, they make little distinction between man and office; hence, a good man as a rule makes perfect policy, but a bad man makes intolerable policy.

How should corruption be eliminated? This is an age-old Vietnamese dilemma. The present Communist solution as practiced in North Vietnam (and in the South by the PRG, Provisional Revolutionary Government) is, for all its rigidity and authoritarianism, typically Vietnamese: (1) ensure that everyone who holds any economic or political responsibility is considered a "good" man, and (2) centralize all political and economic decision-making so that positions of power are closely directed. The Southern Republic, on the other hand, committed as it is to a decentralized administration and a relatively laissez-faire economy, depends upon the growth of institutional and legal restraints on corruption. These ideas have an unfortunately Western flavor to them, and where Ho Chi Minh could once sound like a warlord in his denunciation of corrupt officials as "capitalist enemies of the people," Republican President Thieu must sound like a rule-bound bureaucrat. "The reason why we have been making slow progress," announced Thieu recently in response to corruption complaints, "is that our society is ruled by laws. There is justice, there are laws....We are not communists so we cannot set up people's courts. We must apply justice, the laws, and regulations seriously and equitably. Therefore sometimes procedures may be lengthy but provide guarantee for group or individual honor...." This is not always convincing rhetoric to a people who still see, in any unpopular political behavior, nothing but a personal crime demanding immediate punishment.

In this respect, as in many others, the republican government is grafting Western political principles onto Vietnamese custom. The Communists, on the contrary, draw their support from a pure-blooded Vietnamese reaction to every hint of Western political influence (Marx notwithstanding, a point well-made in Frances Fitzgerald's otherwise tendentious study of Vietnamese Communism, *Fire in the Lake*). The government in recent years has been trying, with some success, to deemphasize this Western-Vietnamese dichotomy and prevent it from compromising Republican political support. By making the vast majority of peasants dependent on modern farming methods for increased crop yields and professional organization for public works projects, the government has forced rural South Vietnamese to realize that long-term political responsibility is not necessarily opposed to communal morality. The government is also showing that it can act in harmony with the Vietnamese "political mind" through efforts to initiate popular activities at the village level (e.g., the militia and popular, provincial representatives) and to assuage the fell hand of capitalism. The now-completed "Back to the Tiller" land reform act, which recompenses former owners with eight-year loans, now permits only twelve hectares (about twenty-five acres) of rice field per owner. As in Taiwan, the South Vietnamese leadership was wise enough to decide that family farming is the only politically feasible way to grow crops, even if it is not the most efficient.

Ironically, one of the most vexing difficulties for the Republic has been to satisfy American preconceptions of the democratic "form of government," while at the same time to build up a somewhat different, but viable, set of political traditions among the Vietnamese themselves. Unfortunately, many influential Americans have looked at Vietnam with the indefensible prejudice that a government is deserving of popular legitimacy not only to the extent that it is "democratic" (which may be true in some abstruse Hegelian sense), but to the extent that its electoral machinery is in perfect working order. This notion finds no support in Vietnamese history, certainly no support in present-day North Vietnam, nor any confirming evidence at the local level in South Vietnam. In fact one extensive American study of "pacified" villages revealed no correlation between the degree of "democracy" practiced in a village and the villagers' trust in their leaders. What did make a difference was the military security of the village and (as one would expect among Vietnamese) the visibility of the authorities in charge. To the traditional Vietnamese peasant, electoral democracy stands for (1) impermanence, (2) irresolution, and (3) incessant and destructive criticism of administrators. Mandarin political philosophy is not especially liberal or democratic, but it still holds wide sympathy among rural Vietnamese. Efforts to make the Republic more determinedly democratic are, perhaps rightly, ridiculed by the Communists as a way of forcing Vietnam into a Western mold. The Communists themselves, of course, never allow the pretense that real decisions are arrived at through individual political preference. (And again, as is often the case, the Communist "revolution" turns out to be violent traditionalism made fashionable to twentieth-century ideology.)

> Northerners and Southerners are not 'just all Vietnamese.' There are historical patterns of cultural antagonism and serious political differences.

As for the much-discussed "political settlement" which would unify the North and South, I doubt that the character of the South Vietnamese people would lend the idea much encouragement. The Northerners and Southerners are not "just all Vietnamese." The North, as always, thinks of Southerners as slovenly, fragmented, and uncultured; the South, for its part, regards Northerners as an officious, self-righteous, and regimented people. Historically, it is sometimes forgotten that the North, the seat of ancient Vietnamese civilization, completed its conquest of the South only a couple of generations before French rule. To a far greater extent than the North, the South is culturally heterogeneous and has always been politically uncentralized (so the Communist charge that the South is a feudal society is nearly correct). The Republic is constrained to grant a fair degree of autonomy to Montagnard, Chinese, and Cambodian subpopulations, as well as several local religions, and the people, in practice if not in principle, prefer that the resultant diversity is preserved. •

3. The War

While the Paris Agreement signed on January 27, 1973, was a neat way of ending all direct American responsibility for the war (this was, at last, the "peace with honor"), it did little to change the situation among Vietnamese combatants. The cease-fire provisions have proved almost unworkable. Government and Communist "areas" are so checkerboarded, intermingled, and contested that a good part of South Vietnam is claimed by both sides. Only in a few areas, for instance in the north along the Han Ciang River through Quang Tri, has a definite line of "fire" been established which can be "ceased." Also, some clauses in the cease-fire are hopelessly unrealistic, such as the proviso that "all armed forces of the two South Vietnamese parties shall remain in place"—which, obeyed literally, means suicide in guerilla warfare. Most importantly, the International Commission of Control and Supervision, appointed to oversee the conditions of the Geneva Accord, is an impotent and politically deadlocked organization. It has no real power of investigation (one reason why the Canadian delegation resigned on July 31, 1973; the other reason was that two of its delegates had been kidnapped by the Viet Cong), and it has neither the authority nor the means to stop hostilities once they begin. Thus, it was only natural that both sides began to commit technical violations of the treaty days after it was signed. The Communists started shelling towns and government outposts, and mining the main highways. Government violations consisted generally of patrolling territory that was not unquestionably "theirs."

By the end of 1974 the war had returned to what would have been considered, in 1970, a "moderate" level of fighting. Today, in 1975, the intensity of

combat has been heightened still further by a Communist offensive in the Third Military Region around Saigon, an offensive which began in mid-December and culminated in the fall of the provincial capital of Phuoc Binh in the first week of January. Not much territory is yet changing hands, but the Communists are attacking and sometimes overrunning isolated government bases (most of which, until the New Year's Day attacks, were unimportant holdovers from the U.S. occupation), and the government, for its part, busies itself trying to thwart enemy troop concentrations. At present, the Communists (PRG) control, for whatever the figure is worth, perhaps 25 or 30 percent of South Vietnam. Yet this is a flattering indication of Communist strength since, by anyone's estimate, the PRG does not "control" any more than 4 or 5 percent of the South's population or arable land. As a general rule, the Republic's most secure areas are the Mekong Delta, the coastal valleys, and the population centers in the Central Highlands. The Communist strongholds are scattered along a chain of wild, unpopulated mountains, stretching in a semi-circle north to south on the rim of the Central Highlands.

These estimates of Communist strength will have to be revised, of course, if the recent fall of every town in Phuoc Long Province and its capital, Phuoc Binh, proves to be permanent or a prelude to further Communist gains. As the level of fighting increases, one hears more and more wild conjecturing among South Vietnamese about what will happen militarily in the near future. There are, it seems, good reasons to be perplexed. No one is certain how the relative quality of the Northern and Southern armies has changed in the nearly three years since they had their last large-scale battles in the Easter 1972 Offensive. No one knows what action, if any, the world at large would take if one side suddenly started a major offensive. (Would American air and seapower be offered again, it is often wondered, if the NVA attempted an armored advance across the northern border?) Most perplexing of all, little is known about the strategy now being drafted in COSVN, the headquarters of the NVA-VC military partnership. ARVN generals at the front all agree that the most important determinant of the future of the war is the if, when, and where of the next all-out Communist offensive.

Barring a voluntary withdrawal of NVA troops, the position of the Republic is not likely to improve dramatically. Government chiefs of staff are perfectly content to remain on the defensive, protecting all major population centers, guarding the agricultural districts, and trying to anticipate enemy movements. They lack the firepower, air support, and munition reserves to launch extended offensives and, having tried them for so long with the Americans, have come to doubt their efficacy. Moreover, government leaders have regained a certain measure of poise; they are confident that time is on their side. Annoying though the war is at a moderate level, life and business in most of the South can go on as normal. Most Southern soldiers can remain close to their families and near their base-camps, and all the while the government can be rebuilding the economy and strengthening its popular legitimacy. The North, on the other hand, is believed to be paying dearly for the logistical expense of maintaining an army in the wilderness hundreds of miles from its supply source and suffering the moral problems peculiar to soldiers fighting long wars away from home.

Much of the success the South is enjoying in this long war of attrition is due to the organization of its armed forces, which over the last ten years of trial and error has become increasingly—and effectively—decentralized. Today, ARVN is divided into three distinct tiers. On the first tier are the "Regular Forces," always the best equipped and supplied, and usually the best motivated troops (the Marines and Rangers, for instance, are all-volunteer outfits). Regular Forces, under the direction of four Military Region commanders, are billeted at special camps in strategic positions throughout the South, and are designed not so much to defend as to counterattack or reinforce, in conjunction with armor and tactical air, any government area in trouble. On the second tier are the Regional Forces, or RF forces, which numerically comprise most of ARVN. RF battalions are allotted in set numbers to all thirty-seven provinces, and their reputations generally rise and fall with the prowess of the province chiefs who command them. To the RF forces belong the defensive burden and quotidian chores of the war. The visitor sees them in squad-sized groups all over the countryside, guarding bridges, highway intersections, occasional buildings, and tiny, improbably-placed outposts. On the third tier are the local militia, known as "self-defense" forces, an old idea but a relatively recent success. Self-defense soldiers, armed but rarely uniformed, are organized no higher than the hamlet level (there are an average of seven hamlets per village, thousands in all). They invariably live and work in the same hamlet they defend—looking, listening, and keeping long night watches in wait for surprise. Government officials are especially satisfied with the self-defense program because it proves, they say, that ordinary Vietnamese can be given weapons and trusted. This is quite a reversal from the early sixties, when the government feared that any arms given to a militia would eventually find themselves, along with their owners, on the wrong side of the battlefield.

> South Vietnamese leaders are confident that time is on their side, but with a new Communist offensive threatening, they are concerned about decreasing firepower.

Whatever this unwieldy organization has cost ARVN in the efficiencies of centralization, it has more than benefited the army in popular confidence and flexibility. It is true that the military autonomy granted to province chiefs, coupled with their civilian administrative powers, offers them wonderful, often irresistible opportunities for corruption. On the other hand, under the RF system the average Vietnamese is assured that his particular area is being protected day-to-day, and that one chosen "figurehead," not just a distant bureaucracy in Saigon, is inescapably in charge. Should a surprise attack be launched against government territory, the independent self-defense groups provide an almost fail-safe warning system. Should an emergency arise, the province chief can mobilize the entire province instantly, as he must, without legal or political encumbrances. The system allows for innovation where conditions warrant. Some secure and well-run provinces on the central coast, for instance, have no Regular Forces near them and have not had to call for their help in years. In other seriously threatened areas, such as the northernmost provinces, Regular Force Marines combined with contingents of resident militia man a permanent line of defense.

Where ARVN has suffered has been in its decreasing firepower capability, due not just to the U.S. withdrawal but to the plummeting levels of U.S. military aid. The Geneva Agreement of 1973 calls for a one-to-one replacement of weapons lost on both sides of the war. But the government claims that it has not only been unable to replace most aircraft and armored vehicle losses, it has not even been able to keep its heavy weapons sufficiently supplied with ammunition. One chief of a southern province complained to me that each of his ten 105 mm field pieces is restricted to four rounds per day—not exactly a fierce barrage! Regular Force commanders in the north consistently report that their shell usage is held down to about one third of what it was in 1972. Air divisions are finding their aircraft grounded much of the time due simply to a lack of fuel. Medical rescue by air and A-37 tactical support in battle have not been hampered yet, but lower priority missions, such as interdiction of NVA supply routes, are being cancelled as they become increasingly difficult to afford. Helicopter transport and air-dropping of troops is almost unheard of these days, and "airborne" divisions invariably fight on foot like everyone else. Of course, some of this complaining is just a healthy symptom that ARVN is learning to do

without exorbitant levels of U.S. aid. But certainly it was ARVN's inability to respond effectively by air or even to match the NVA's armor on the ground during the recent attack on Phuoc Binh that prompted President Ford in January to ask Congress for $300 million in military aid beyond the $700 million already appropriated for Fiscal Year 1975. There is the serious possibility that ARVN could simply run out of reserve fuel and ammunition in the face of a general Communist offensive. The U.S. State Department is hesitant to talk about it, but arrangements have almost assuredly been made, in this case, for a massive U.S. airlift from Pacific bases.

On the Communist side, these last nineteen months since the cease-fire have been marked by two general developments: first, an unremitting and now quite formidable buildup of personnel and supplies in the South, and second, a growing morale problem among NVA soldiers which, according to NVA defectors whom I talked to, is seriously interfering with COSVN's strategic plans. The massive influx of supplies and the reinforcement of NVA divisions is especially worrisome to government leaders because it all but confirms that the Communist command is preparing for a new offensive. According to government complaints to the ICCS, the North has introduced 100,000 new troops and 30,000 "civilian workers" into the South since the cease-fire. (The current number of NVA troops in the South, depending on whose estimate you choose, is 200,000 to 400,000; including VC and impressed labor, Communist strength is around 500,000 to 700,000. ARVN, by comparison, is one-million strong, but considering its high proportion of rear-area and militia soldiers, the Communists' number of front-line troops is nearly equal to the government's.) Dozens of hard SAM missile sites have been installed in the northernmost portion of South Vietnam, captured just before the cease-fire, and one SAM regiment and AA guns of unprecedented caliber have practically doubled the NVA anti-aircraft protection north and west of the Central Highlands. Russian tanks and artillery have been moving southward in a steady stream (over 500 new tanks and 500 field pieces thus far). Today, NVA battalions everywhere except in the Delta possess the capacity for formidable armored support, and in the northernmost provinces ARVN estimates its armor is outnumbered two to one.

To help move all this, NVA work divisions have been employed during the cease-fire to complete, at great expense, a full-sized, all-weather network of roads (where there once was just a "trail") down the western edge of South Vietnam, in and out of Laos and Cambodia, up to the Mekong Delta. Near it a POL (petroleum-oil-lubricants) pipeline stretches through the underbrush the entire length of the road, now ensuring NVA armored squadrons due west of Saigon an uninterrupted flow of fuel. More ominous still, the NVA has built in the northern provinces several good roads, dotted with hardened supply depots, east to the rim of the mountains overlooking such northern coastal cities as Hue, Da Nang, and Quang Ngai. As for the size of NVA supply reserves, there is unanimous agreement among Vietnamese officers and U.S. aides that they are larger now than at any previous time during the war. During the 1972 Easter Offensive the NVA used 400 tons of supplies per day, according to one intelligence expert, and by 1975 the NVA will have the capacity to double that rate for a period of six months. One indication of the Communists' massive stockpiling of munitions has been the extraordinary intensity of enemy shelling during recent attacks on government outposts—often thousands of rounds in one night.

Yet now that the Communists possess equipment and large-scale organization that is truly a match for ARVN, they have simultaneously found themselves stymied by an increasingly serious morale problem. The trouble is not, as it was occasionally during the heaviest U.S. bombing episodes, that the NVA soldier is frightened; the trouble now is that he lacks motivation. He is, perhaps at last, weary of the war. He knows that the Americans have left, he has heard that a "peace treaty" has been signed which brings no peace, he sees that the Communists have made few permanent gains over the last ten years, and he asks finally, what for? Higher echelon administrators in the North are beginning to wonder out loud why more money cannot be spent to alleviate dismal economic hardship in the North, why all the money must flow south as war materiel. Moreover, in both the North and South, Communist propaganda, which hasn't changed much since the heyday of the Viet Minh, is hard put to explain the radical shift in Communist strategy over the last six or seven years: away from the old popular-front, guerilla tactics and toward the mute force of modern weaponry. Though Communist leaders would be loath to admit it to their own cadres, the shift can only be explained by one, painfully obvious fact: the slow but steady obliteration of the indigenous Viet Cong and the necessity that they be replaced by NVA regulars.

> The radical shift in Communist strategy from guerilla tactics to modern weaponry can only be explained by a steady decline of the Viet Cong.

Whatever happened to the Viet Cong? The answer to this question depended on whom I asked. Government officials are convinced that popular sympathy for the VC has been evaporating ever since their biggest *cause célèbre*, land reform, was favorably resolved by the Thieu regime. American and ARVN military officers stress the devastating effect of allied firepower throughout the sixties, which over the long run killed old VC off faster than new ones could be recruited. Non-military American observers offer more interesting explanations. It has been suggested, for instance, that the sudden urbanization of the South simply eliminated the VC's demographic base, or that younger generation Communists have rejected their elders' fragmented and traditionalist mode of opposition. Captured NVA documents have revealed still another, more sinister clue. It seems that during the late sixties, particularly in the Tet Offensive, NVA commanders deliberately sacrificed certain quality VC outfits so that the NVA would gain undisputed leadership in the conduct of the war. Reasons abound, but what is not contested is the fact of the diminishment of the Viet Cong. Measured in any way—by the raw number of VC, by the ratio between numbers of VC and NVA, or by the VC influence in command decisions—their strength is waning.

Viet Cong are still around, of course, and they supply the NVA with much-needed manpower, but they are in themselves a dangerous threat in only a few areas: a scattering of districts in the Delta and west of Saigon, a few districts in the Highlands, and the mountainous part of Binh Dinh Province (on the central coast). The government leaders understandably point to the decline of the real "Southern" VC as perhaps the most encouraging, long-term auspice of the war. They justify their optimism by drawing attention to a continuing decline in rear-area terrorist activity, and to several entire provinces in the north where, though half-occupied by the NVA, traditional VC activity has dropped nearly to zero. They also take care to distinguish between the last two offensives, between the Tet Offensive, which was successful because of widespread VC infiltration, and the 1972 offensive, which quickly assumed the character of conventional warfare.

Conventional warfare, in the form of a general Communist offensive, is what the South fears most at this point. Even considering the recent rise in the rate of enemy attacks, the government is certain that in some regions entire NVA divisions are resting inactive, waiting. Because the best weather for offensive action is in the early spring, when most of the South enjoys a respite between rainy seasons, many ARVN generals—with the help of enemy intelligence—have long predicted the big attack will come in March 1976. Since the fall of Phuoc Long Province, some are changing their minds; the Communists, they say, have decided to move their schedule ahead by one year and are already beginning to apply the decisive

pressure. What will be the goals of a Communist offensive? Again, the outlook is pessimistic. Repeatedly I heard the prediction that it will be an "end-all" effort to take the South in one blow, a series of battles larger in scale than anything previously seen. Such a plan would certainly account for the colossal stockpiling of NVA munitions.

Consider the alternatives. It is generally agreed that the NVA could succeed in a limited offensive. It is estimated, for example, that if the Communists wanted to they could take a couple of major Highland cities (say, Pleiku and Kontum), cut the east-west Highland highways, cut Highway One north of Da Nang, lay siege to Hue and perhaps Saigon, and generally overrun government positions in several provinces. But once the smoke cleared, the NVA would find itself in a precarious situation. They would incur world reprobation for breaking all pretense of following the treaty and would risk the reentry of U.S. air and naval support. Against the ARVN counterattack, it would have to defend fixed positions in the cities, a military situation they have always wanted to avoid. Worst of all, the NVA, relatively small in numbers, would be burdened with the man-eating chores of occupying and administering crowded population centers without a political infrastructure. On the other hand, it is said, if the NVA goes all the way, they could simply present the world with a *fait accompli*; and no matter how exhausted they were at the end of the offensive, there would no longer be any competition, military or political, to worry about. This reasoning is not lost on the South Vietnamese people. In some of the northern cities, such as Hue where two NVA divisions lie barely twenty miles from the city limits, there is a siege-like tension among a people who know that in a matter of hours their streets and homes can be turned into an inferno. This battle may decide the fate of the South. □

Next month: The Economy, The Thieu Regime, The Outlook for the Future.

J. Timothy Fennell

Of Clerics and Cupidity

One of the many curious and disillusioning aspects of Watergate was the part played by clergymen in the burlesque. Various priests, reverends, and rabbis assured both Nixon's supporters and opponents that they were on the side of the angels and fighting God's righteous battle. The two most prominent men of the cloth, who all too readily involved themselves in the fray, were the Jesuits John McLaughlin and Robert Drinan (both educated at the same seminary). Their role has an enduring significance which transcends the peculiar circumstances of Watergate.

The posturing radical-chic ideologue Drinan—he introduced the first impeachment resolution in the House Judiciary Committee—unctuously implied that Nixon and his merry men represented the greatest assault on Western Civilization since Attila and the Huns. One can imagine Father Bob envisioning himself as a latter-day Leo the Great.

McLaughlin, who originally worked as a Nixon speechwriter but later moved to Ziegler's staff of con men, retaliated by comparing his fellow Jesuit to the Sanhedrin. The Sanhedrin? The Jewish religious council that indicted Jesus and later Peter, John, Stephen, and Paul? Such a comparison has two implications. The first being that Drinan is a hypocrite. Very well. But the second is bewildering. Jesus and Nixon? Peter and H.R.? Paul and Colson? (Well, at least Colson informs us Watergate has been his Damascus Road.) Come on, Fr. John, surely you were jesting. Weren't you? But then we should also recall that Rev. McLaughlin considers Nixon "the greatest moral leader of the last third of this century." As with so much of the Watergate happening, the tragic and the comic intermingled once again.

Following Nixon's resignation, McLaughlin engaged in a struggle to remain on the White House staff by saying things like he hoped President Ford would not "lay a clammy hand on my shoulder" while showing Fr. John to the door.

What makes clerics like Drinan and McLaughlin utter such balderdash? Why do they yearn for worldly power and use their priestly prestige as a tool for furthering a secular career? As the commentators never tire of telling us, a "different" kind of corruption produced Watergate. Not the corruption of a Bobby Baker or a Teddy Chappaquiddick, but rather the corruption that conservatives, discerning the growth of the Imperial Presidency, have been warning of for the last three decades. The Greeks thought the condition was madness and called it hubris. The Bible taught it was the root of all sin and called it Pride.

The corrupting lust for secular power is not of course peculiar to contemporary clerics. A cursory examination of the medieval Church will illuminate the implications of the antics of Drinan and McLaughlin.

Prior to the eleventh century the attitude of the pious Christian towards a corrupt environment was to withdraw as much as possible from the putrified world in order to avoid contamination. However, in the eleventh century a spiritual revival began in Europe. The new goal, pioneered by a reform Papacy, became conversion rather than withdrawal. There were two approaches to implementing conversion which might be characterized as "reform from the top" and "reform from the bottom." Reform from the bottom was personified by St. Francis of Assisi, who, while traveling among the people of the towns and countryside, worked towards the moral and spiritual regeneration of society through personal example and preaching.

The alternative, reform from the top, involved an independent Papacy actively engaging in the politics of empires and kingdoms. In the mid-eleventh century, beginning with Leo IX, the Church waged a war against simony and incontinence. Then in 1075 Gregory VII insisted that the Papacy was the final authority in all *temporal*, as well as spiritual, affairs, and eventually the Holy Roman Emperor Henry IV went to Canossa. But Canossa symbolized the start of two centuries of struggle between the Papacy and secular authorities over temporal power.

The end sought by the Popes was idealistic: the creation of a genuine Christian society throughout Europe. However, this objective gradually led the Church leaders to employ the tactics of secular political struggle and diplomacy. Whereas most of the Popes of the High Middle Ages were personally pious, their public wheeling and dealing could not be distinguished from the behavior of a Frederick Barbarossa. Undoubtedly, the Drinans and McLaughlins enter the political arena with good intentions, but soon one cannot distinguish them (save for the Roman collars when donned) from the rest of the Washington boobs. Accordingly, just as the spiritual credibility of the medieval Papacy was gradually eroded, the moral authority of the modern politician-clerics evaporates and mingles with the rest of the turgid steam billowing out of Washington over the nation.

Conservatives are instinctively aware that the most profound dilemmas of the human condition are not solved by governments. The path to healing the spirit lies through the inspiration of a St. Francis. In a materialistic and debauched age Drinan and McLaughlin, and their counterparts in other religions, only make our time a little darker. □

Richard Luckett

The Enchanting Führer

Every man has his own Führer. The pale face and smudged moustache under black forelock or heavy peaked cap invite invention, challenging the imagination in their stylized blankness. But the desire to fill out the picture goes deeper than this; for Germans, at least, it is a need. If they are to understand their history, even themselves, they must understand him. No account of his career can write out of the record the extent to which the German people *were* Hitler. Away from an audience he was nothing: a failed artist, a dreamer, an idler who talked long and tediously into the night and passed days of indolence in eating sweet cakes, going to the cinema, and reading adventure stories. It needed an audience, whether of two people or a hundred thousand, to set the adrenaline moving once again, to make possible the moment of crisis or climax which translated will into event. His adopted people provided that audience, to the point where they were no less dependent on him than he on them. Both the argument that makes Hitler a mere tool, and the argument that makes the German people a dupe, are equally spurious, equally facile attempts to shift the burden of guilt.

This burden is as obvious a feature of non-German fascination as of German fixation. Only by adopting the philosophy of National Socialism and embracing a racial interpretation of Teutonic history can we suppose the inclinations and temperament of the Germans to be a special case in European culture. Any statement about the progress of Western civilization must be qualified by the knowledge that a Hitler, no less than an Einstein, a Schweitzer, or a Thomas Mann, was born and brought up within the compass of that civilization. We are prone to talk about "fully human beings," forgetting, when we do so, that Adolf Hitler was every bit as much a human as Blondi, his Alsatian, was a dog. In the days when original sin was a sufficient explanation of human wickedness the weight of guilt would not have mattered; an age committed to a concept of human perfectibility has to explain Hitler, even to the point of explaining him away.

When all this has been said we are still a long way from offering a satisfactory account of the general infatuation with a man who died, ignominiously defeated, nearly thirty years ago. There are, needless to say, the cultists and the cranks, from those who believe the Führer to be alive and well and fishing on the upper reaches of the Amazon, to the more sinister followers in the British National Front, who have recently published a pamphlet assailing what they are pleased to call the "myth" of the extermination camps, and have enacted Aryan rites on the estate of a Norfolk landowner. The real neo-Nazis, though they no longer seem an electoral threat in West Germany, continue to command some popular support. There are Spaniards who openly venerate Hitler, lighting votive candles to his memory on April 29. The water-colors he painted in his failed art-student days fetch prices that compare favorably with Old Master sketches, signed copies of *Mein Kampf* command considerable sums, and the sale of Nazi weapons and insignia supports both dealers and forgers. But such enthusiasms indicate an extreme: they are no more typical of the widespread interest in Hitler than is the occasional gang of Hell's Angels modeled on an S.S. unit. At the same time, it is hard to believe that the persistent audience for books on Hitler and the Nazis, at whatever level, is unaware of what Joachim Fest, the Führer's most recent biographer, has described as the "feeling of disgust" that hangs around his subject. It is a feeling that combines attraction and repulsion: the subject is enthralling in part because it is obscene. It would not be far from the mark to say there is about it more than a hint of the pornographic.

There have been any number of different ways of regarding Hitler. A Thuringian churchwarden is on record as supposing him to be God's agent on earth, Prussian conservatives thought him an upstart who would serve their turn, Arnold Toynbee described him as a "political mad mullah," whilst Bertolt Brecht diagnosed, even in Hitler's enemies, traces of "the usual disastrous respect we feel for great murderers." His chief antagonist within the party, Ernst Röhm, regarded him as too much of the impractical dreamer; it was a criticism that a bullet effectually answered. Mussolini, who at first considered him a "clown," became his abject puppet. His ministers and generals held office because they could say, along with Goebbels, "the Führer leads, I obey." His intimates—his bodyguard, chauffeurs, and secretaries—were chosen in large measure for their ability to merge into the background and adapt their manner and conversation, even their behavior amongst themselves, to the Führer's moods. Hitler applied to them something like the criterion by which, as he told Albert Speer, he selected Eva Braun: "A highly intelligent man should take a primitive and stupid woman. Imagine if on top of everything else I had a woman who interfered with my work." It was an opinion that he did not hesitate to pronounce in front of Eva herself.

Eva (again, the subject of several books) was not so much primitive and stupid as enslaved. In her diary Hitler features as "him." "He" fails to call, fails even to send a message, keeps her waiting for hours, flirts with actresses and women of those generous proportions which she knows "him" to like, but does not herself possess; "he" breaks his promises and seems to need her "only for certain purposes." To prevent him breaking off even this unsatisfactory relationship she had to refrain from sun-bathing, dancing, and smoking, and to keep out of the way of his guests, remaining always in the background and leaving the room when he demanded Her most trivial requests were often met with brusque refusals. Given this her devotion is startling; it casts a light which, for a moment, lends relief to her lover's blurred features.

Since she wanted him to need her it seems that she sensed in him a sublimated yearning for everday contacts and comforts. But she was fighting against forces greater than pretty actresses or fullblown Valkyries: she was fighting Hitler's imagination. It was Ernst Röhm who was nearest in his view of Hitler to Hitler's view of himself, though Röhm's judgment embodied a—literally—fatal error. At various points in his life Hitler described himself as an artist, a writer, and an architect; his ambitions extended to opera production, and he hoped to end his days as the director of an enormous art gallery in Linz, his home town. He openly referred to his "eccentric" and "bohemian" past and maintained, when he wearied of official routine, that "one stroke of genius was worth more than a lifetime of conscientious office work." Yet his life was still circumscribed by convention and concern about his image, it was this that condemned Eva to the backstairs and prompted his remark, on seeing a picture of Mussolini in bathing trunks, that a really great statesman would not have permitted such a photograph. For himself, he never ventured out in a new suit without first having been photographed in it to observe the effect.

It is clear that Hitler's view of the artist was an outsider's view, and that his bohemianism and his respectability were two sides of the same coin. An artist was not so much a man who made as a man who dreamed. But he had another, and better, word for it. Again and again he talked of magic. "Great liars are also great wizards"; National Socialism offers "a new age of magical interpretation of the world." What mattered was the will to cast the spell: "Why should we need to socialize banks and factories? We are socializing the people." His words became words of power, altering the relationships between things in the most fundamental way. Great cities would spring up at his command, whilst round

the coasts of Europe lonely towers of archaic aspect would commemorate the dead. A fairy-tale people, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, eating no meat, were to inherit the land, whilst dwarfish slaves toiled to serve them. But the dreams did not come true and the wand was shattered; in the metaphor natural to Germans who survived the spring of 1945, the spell was broken. Even before the Führer was dead the other inhabitants of his bunker, without apparent reason and despite the bombardment, had begun to dance.

Hitler's admission that magicians worked with lies is the clue to the kind of magic in which he dealt. He traded in failure, the stock commodity of his early years. He spoke for the unemployed, the disgruntled, the lonely—and the massive displacement of classes that followed the Treaty of Versailles drove hundreds of thousands of Germans into loneliness. He offered them warmth, enchantment, the grail of belonging. He exploited doom amongst the conservatives, defeat in the army, helplessness amongst small traders. He smelled out the feebleness of the democracies, their moral ambivalence and lack of principle, just as he grasped the passivity that prevented any Jewish resistance, the sense that God, who had chosen Israel, could also cast Israel away. The rout in France and the orderly queues for the gas chamber, inexplicable to the commentators, were explicable to him. What he did not understand was committed action by someone other than himself—the firm response to the Munich *Putsch* or Churchill's successful invocation of a spirit of national resistance. His spells worked only in his own twilight kingdom.

The point is less fanciful than it may at first seem. Hitler fascinates today because he demonstrates, to an extraordinary degree, the power of the imagination in an age given increasingly to abstraction and theory. The blankness of his features holds out the promise that features, by themselves, are nothing. The enormity of his crimes is matched only by the enormity of his alibi: what is impressive is less the number of deaths than the notion that one man could dream up so grotesque a series of postulates to bring about those deaths. From that one man sprang the design of a culture which, in visual terms alone, seems as alien as that of the Aztecs or Mayas, an entire world that an archaeologist would presume to require centuries of gestation. We can add to this that this same man ended the colonial era, accelerated progress in vast areas of technology, and transformed the pattern of world power. Yet nothing that he thought is unfamiliar, and much of it is instantly recognizable as deriving from the most commonplace of fantasies.

As the world contracts so fantasy explodes. We struggle fitfully to conserve countryside and wilderness, anxious to save something that we value largely because we once had to save ourselves from it. Defended from the elements by air-conditioning and central heating, and from fortune by insurance and pension schemes, excitement is restricted to sport or a change of partner in domesticity. The fairy tale held out fears and delights to protected children; now we are in their place. Science fiction, adult comics, the titillations offered by girlie magazines, play an increasing part in casual reading. Hitler offers not simply a career that is truly fantastic, but also an unparalleled rationale for fantasy, doing for the daydream what Orpheus once achieved for the power of music. As it happens the parable of his story contains its own critique: the inefficient incineration in the smoking ruins of Berlin, the final collapse of the magician's dark tower. But that, too, marches with one kind of daydream and provides a further reason why, historical justifications aside, the story remains obsessive in its fascination. □

The Great American Saloon Series

by Martin E. Northway

The Woodlawn Tap

You can often see him at the far end of the bar as you walk into the tavern from the east entrance. Sometimes he is standing there by the refrigerator thrusting an icy six-pack of Schlitz malt liquor into a brown bag for a carry-out customer. Good-naturedly he clenches that ever-present cigar in his teeth as he makes small-talk with one of the University of Chicago administrators who ornament the place during the early evening hours.

It is a fact that good bars are usually the reflections of their owners, and Jimmy Wilson is the owner of that celebrated Hyde Park institution, the Woodlawn Tap.

Better known as Jimmy's.

At sixty-two, his hair is whiter, but his face still wears that pleasant, semi-tough, mildly amused expression that I first observed when, as a rollicking fraternity man, I was introduced to the society of Jimmy's almost eight years ago. The Tap hasn't changed much during that time, either. Apparently it was born, as was the great university in whose shadow it rose, full-size, with all its traditions, customs, and accoutrements—including resident administrators—fully intact.

Every bar has its story about why it doesn't serve X Whiskey or Y Beer. Jimmy has never served Budweiser. As the story goes, Jimmy threw out the Budweiser salesman in 1946 when the latter refused to give the more-or-less-standard discount on beer sold in quantity. Some years later a sympathetic patron donated a small monument that stands as a silent warning to the occasional untutored customer who might ask for a Bud: in a prominent place behind the bar there is a wooden figure of a hand, its fist clenched and the middle finger fully extended, hanging over a Budweiser sign. History dies hard here. Behind the same beer are steins from the fraternities that existed in the University's athletic heyday: now most of those fraternities are dead.

As you pass through the door at the far end of the bar, which is marked with a sign "University IDs only" that is fastidiously ignored by everybody, you enter another room and, if you keep going, you enter the so-called University Room. It is open on busy nights (which means most nights) and is always open on Sundays. If you're lucky and the musicians show up, you can hear good bluegrass music there at around four o'clock on Sunday afternoons.

The University Room is the best-looking and the best-kept of the four rooms that constitute Jimmy's refuge for disgruntled intellectuals and beer-hall philosophers. There are books on the shelf behind the bar (honest) and University memorabilia on the walls.

Jimmy used to like to brag that all his bartenders were Ph.D.'s, though he has occasionally relaxed his academic standards, realizing that it does not take a university degree to make a humanist, or even a good surly bartender. Jimmy himself never got past high school. But there he stands—or sits—elbow-to-elbow with intellects from the top chop—at least when they are sober.

It is the unusually intellectual clientele that provides the drama for which the rather unimpressive physical facilities are only the backdrop. This is not to say that the clientele is homogeneous, composed exclusively of budding writers, frustrated theologians, or nuclear physicists. Mixed

in are representatives of practically every ethnic and occupational persuasion. The blue-collar and shirt-sleeve crowd (which overwhelms the place during the summer, packing in to see the Cubs' games on the color TV) gives way sometime during the late afternoon to a group that includes a few middling University administrators, and finally blends in the early evening hours into a predominantly University crowd.

Conversation ranges from the more normal and mundane topics, like sports, to philosophy and metaphysics. Jimmy enjoys the swirl of dialogue that engulfs him, and he basks in the reflective glory of the pie-in-the-sky dialectics which often ensue.

Anybody is likely to come in to Jimmy's, and one University administrator does so often that some people think he lives there. Most distinguished visitors to Hyde Park make it a point to stop by the Woodlawn Tap. Jimmy's has had many important visitors, and part of its charm is that they come in so unpredictably.

One Sunday afternoon during the summer last year, when my wife and I were leaving after a little imbibing, we met a tall man seated at the end of the table by the main door. It was Mike Royko, the acid-penned columnist for the *Chicago Daily News* who wrote the best-selling book *Boss*, and he was decked out in, of all things, a *Daily News* softball jersey. Soon we were engaged in animated and slightly inebriated conversation, beginning with a discussion of conservative journalism (I used to work for an underground conservative newspaper, *Chicago Rap*) but ending, of course, with baseball.

Some people don't like Jimmy's. It *is* a noisy bar. And it's not very pretty—certainly it lacks the manufactured color of Berghoff's and the oyster bars up on the North Side. But, like many other Hyde Parkers, I have many fond memories of the place: of Lutheran School of Theology students singing rousing German songs in the front room, of my own nervous experiences there before turning twenty-one, and of one particularly uproarious time my fraternity brothers and I had coming back from my birthday party there on a cold December night. For us, Jimmy's has been a touchstone of personal experiences, an essential fragment that has helped make lives more complete. I submit it as a Great American Saloon. □

Patricia E. Curry

Public Virtue and the Presidency

I, like many others, was recently seduced into listening to and reading the accounts of the Hearings of the House Judiciary Committee, as it considered for the first time in 106 years the possible impeachment of the President of the United States. Although disagreement lifted her skirts and ran rampant among the members, what struck me particularly was that among both proponents and opponents there appeared a common, and most uncommon, theme—the Presidency is the repository of the trust and faith of the American people; and when our leader betrays our trust, when, as Congressman Butler put it, he follows a "course of conduct totally inconsistent with the reasonable expectations of the American people," he may in fact be removed from office.

But just what are "reasonable expectations"? Or, more importantly, what should they be? What kind of behavior erodes this trust and faith? There has been no consensus on the proprieties to be followed by high-ranking officials. Every President, with his different personality, has followed his own particular, and oft peculiar, course. Government growth and bureaucracy have contributed to the amorphous definition of the code of conduct necessary to this trust and faith, which the Founding Fathers sometimes named *public virtue*. But I think we can and should establish some formulas for a public posture; I think we can reach agreement on certain standards for us, and our leaders, to hold dear.

Some may object that this kind of a discussion on public virtue is irrelevant, particularly since many of the Founders of the Republic viewed man as a nasty, brutish, and short animal primarily ruled by his passions, and therefore opted for constitutional rather than moral or internal checks on those holding public office. The doctrines of checks and balances and separation of powers have recently gotten a considerable workout along the publishing track, and rightly so. But the evidence is not all that clear that the Founding Fathers opted for constitutional checks on power to the extent that they pruned out all concern about the character of individuals who would hold those offices. John Adams cited the need for public virtue, the ability of the republican constitution to raise moral sentiments. John Dickinson, in his *Letters of Fabius*, remarked: "The government will partake of the qualities of those whose authority is prevalent." The statement of James Madison, at the Virginia Constitutional Convention, was even stronger: "I go on this great republican principle, that the people will have virtue and intelligence to select men of virtue and wisdom. Is there no virtue among us? If there be not, we are in a wretched situation. No theoretical checks—no form of government can render us secure. . . ."

Madison and Adams, remarkably enough, did not neatly forswear consideration of the content of civic virtue, perhaps because it was less a subject of dispute in an age when scarlet letters were handed out, sometimes with great relish. Today, we agree less about the nature of civic virtue, although if we were questioned, I think we could reach some sort of consensus on what qualities we would "like" our leaders to possess. Our problem, however, consists in deciding which qualities we would consider "mandatory." For example, you and I might consider honesty as a noteworthy quality. But: Is it preferred or mandatory? What I consider only a preferable quality may be mandatory to my grandmother living in the Midwest. A President's sexual exploits may only inspire a twinkle in my eye, while to hers it brings fire. But must we call on my grandmother in order to reach agreement, particularly since I am now so well-educated and even live on the East Coast? Perhaps we should summon only "the best and the brightest." Patrick Henry, among others, deemed the members of the Constitutional Convention wiser and more patriotic than the state legislators, and therefore more to be trusted in the governance of the country. Perhaps they are more to be trusted. But how do we create and maintain public trust in them? Contrary to Mr. Henry, I think the question of public trust demands that in fact we do have to reach out to the public.

Second, there is the problem of degree. We may say that once we have decided that honesty is a mandatory quality, we are not particularly perturbed to find that the President accepted a diamond ring for his wife from the Saudi Arabian ambassador. But what if the President were influential in making a corn deal, netting an immense sum for a large contributor to his campaign? Here, what I once considered to be a negligible departure from a mandatory quality might no longer hold. To make the problem even more formidable, we might also maintain that none of the qualities we have decided upon can be considered in isolation. Take the case of those qualities we would wish a parent to instill in a child, in forming a decent person and competent citizen. Suppose we all agree that honesty, truthfulness, trustworthiness, consideration for others,

a certain industry, and intelligence are important qualities in such a consideration. Now, are we to say that if one were remiss in instilling one of these qualities, one would be an unworthy parent, and the rest of the work would be for nought? I doubt it. But to be remiss in three or four? Public trust succeeds from performance of a cluster of "virtues." Where do we draw the line and say, "This leader has failed"?

Certainly, no one would deny that intelligence, some formal education, an ability to make decisions and to judge economic trends, and common sense are necessary to an ability to govern. Whether a Harvard education is better than a Georgetown degree, a science background, judging from the bent of modern society, more applicable than a liberal arts background, cannot be discussed here. Suffice it to say we would require that neither children nor madmen rule.

A more relevant question about intelligence concerns the person of moderate intelligence who can command "good" advisors. Here, several points are in order. Just as it is sheer nonsense to assume that the President can take cognizance of and deliberate on all of the matters facing him, it is also nonsense to believe that he simply spews forth what his advisors tell him. Most of us would agree, I think, that a President must be intelligent enough to be able to form his own judgments on matters, a feeble but still extant protection from faulty advisors.

Good advisors or no, a knowledge and general grasp of the Constitution and its laws, and, as far as possible, the rights and duties of the citizen, seem mandatory in a test of Presidential intelligence. Every civilized community requires, in order that it may exist at all, a mutual recognition of rights and duties on the part of its members. Most families that survive discuss and acknowledge the chores of each member, for example, how the child behaves if Mother or Father becomes ill—or stays well; and just so, each member has a right to expect certain reasonable behavior from the other members, based on past behavior, and those mutually shared and stated modes of acting. But the President must not only impart a rational understanding of the rights and duties of the citizens; he must also convey and inspire the affections and trust which ultimately support that understanding. Alexis de Tocqueville, in *Democracy in America*, preferred the American to the French system of government, because it sprang as much from the heart as from the mind. The American community was a unique combination of mind and heart, a way of life as well as a method of governing. Consequently, it becomes even more important that the President understand, and communicate as far as possible, the motives, the reason, and even the passions that went into the creation of this Republic. He is more than a governor; he is representative of a way of life, a symbol of tradition.

Although the Founding Fathers considered intelligence, or book learning, important, they were more concerned that men who knew what was right, did what was right. Noah Webster was even stronger in his statement, arguing that unless virtue, both as common social duties and as Christian virtue which leads citizens to act for the good of the state, were mandatory, the Republic could not be preserved. The Founders did not rebuff public virtue, as has sometimes been supposed. Rather, their understanding of it was extremely complex in meaning and encompassed several ethical conceptions: the Christian virtues of brotherly love, humility, fear of God; the teaching of the ancients on the identity of virtue with highest wisdom; a passion for the public good (Gerald Stourzh, *Alexander Hamilton and the Idea of Republican Government,* Stanford, 1970, p. 65). In treating the ethics of the Founding Fathers, scholars have largely neglected the first two conceptions, focusing on the latter—virtue as a passion for the public good—and the evidence for their focus is voluminous, particularly in the writings of Alexander Hamilton, or in Madison's Federalist No. 10. But I am far from sure that we should ignore those first two conceptions of virtue, Christian virtue and the wisdom of the ancients. We may argue that a "formal" religion is not mandatory in our leaders, but can we argue that decisively? If we posit that humility and concern for our fellowmen are mandatory, what about the next argument which considers formal religion the best means of achieving those mandatory qualities? Perhaps someone else would argue the reading of Plato and Aristotle. The Founding Fathers may have been overly pained by the Protestant work ethic—temperance, frugality, industry, and an oft-vengeful God. But must we throw the baby out with the bathwater, must we reject Christian virtues, or the wisdom of the ancients, if we argue jettisoning the notion of a vengeful God?

Great American Series

"Is there no virtue among us? If there be not, we are in a wretched situation. No theoretical checks—no form of government can render us secure."

James Madison

Madison, in addresses to members of Congress, was careful to thank Providence for the blessings bestowed on this country, and it does not simply seem to be a parroting of what Mother Madison taught him. Those Christian virtues penetrated the man, had an effect on the kind of man and kind of leader he was. For Madison, there were certain circumstances where the public good could prosper without external checks on the passions (Federalist No. 49). Today, I think we need look at the Christian life as one of those possible conditions.

Neither did the Founders of this Republic ignore the wisdom of the ancients. Both Madison and John Adams were quick to point to the importance of well-ordered souls as well as well-ordered checks and balances. Witness Adams in his *Defence of the Constitutions of the United States*: "Men should endeavor at a balance of affections and appetites, under the monarchy of reason and conscience within, as well as at a balance of power without. If they surrender the guidance for any course of time to any one passion, they may depend upon finding it in the end, an usurping, cruel, domineering tyrant." This balance which I call temperance or moderation encounters the Medusa of problems earlier mentioned. The criticism will be made that Adams was writing of a very different politics than we experience today—but that is exactly the point. Adams was concerned not just with virtue or justice as the appendages of events, the rational determination of pleasure or pain, or the greatest good for the greatest number, but also with the influence of virtue on the possessor. The republican constitutional system demanded a person who acted rightly, apart from mere consideration of consequences. I will not argue here that temperance is valuable because it yields a better person, although I believe that. I will argue that temperance is necessary to the republican constitution, that the lack of moderation puts too much strain on the system.

I have stated that Adams recognized that the republican system demanded that virtue exist not simply as a result of checks and balances which force a passion for the public good, and as citizen obedience to law, but that virtue consist as well in intention, the attempt to act rightly. Thomas Hobbes in his *Leviathan* makes this distinction clear when he defines the just man as the man who obeys the law, while the righteous man "taketh all the care he can, that his Actions may be all Just...." While just men may obey only out of fear, the righteous man has a certain nobility or gallantry attached to his character. Adams recognized that the republican constitution demands not just constitutional checks and balances, but moderation and a concern to act rightly, first, because of the sheer numbers involved in democratic participation, and second, the inability of government to regulate such actions only out of a "fear of consequences." The danger was, and is, not simply corruption, but a system otherwise so concerned with petty regulations that stagnation results. I am often reminded of Tocqueville's counsel that although democracy was less efficient than other governmental forms, the objects it had in view were more useful to humanity. But Tocqueville, and we, assumed a certain minimum level of efficiency could, and can, be met. That the Constitution provides for such varying modes of participation presupposes individuals who act

with some discretion. It has been pointed out by numerous scholars that if the people are told they can participate, they must be given more than the ballot box. But more than that, they must be given a sense of community, of "community-directedness," a sense of what it means to be an intelligent and participating citizen.

Checks and balances are no cure for intemperance, or for the selfishness which often results from that intemperance. In fact, when Adams spoke of the importance of separation of powers, in his *Defence of the Constitutions of the United States*, he spoke of them not just as a means of preventing corruption, but as a means of clearing away the obstacles to public virtue. Checks and balances were no bars to faction in the intemperate republics he often described; checks and balances could prevent some abuses, but in a system which allowed multiple channels of participation, something more was required—an individual effort, and then effort by the polity, to see themselves as part of the community. For Adams, and to a lesser extent for Madison, temperance by its very nature induced men to "community-directedness."

Temperance puts less strain on the system because it makes inequality practicable and acceptable. For temperance is moderation; it does not direct itself solely to enlarging or aggrandizing itself. Rather, it allows and even demands time devoted to those other qualities: knowledge, judgment, information, and integrity. Temperance does not set individuals against each other. Temperance is a quality all may possess; it cannot be claimed a result of social or economic advantage.

What I have been saying stresses the very public nature of what makes up public virtue, although I have been talking about what one might refer to as goods of the soul. No less so my next consideration—an open and generous mind. The process of decision-making is as important as the decision itself when we come to the creation of public trust; it is related less to command of a substantive body of knowledge than to a particular quality necessary to a healthy relationship with the civic body. Many of the Framers of the Republic argued that men become good or bad, virtuous or vicious, according to the spirit of government they are under. Although most references were to local officials, to civic or city virtue, and to the visibility of leaders at that level, it can be argued that, due to the influence of the media and the trend to the nationalization of problems, both social and political, that our Framers' concern is more related today to national leaders.

This relationship between civic virtue and knowledge is most complex, and moderns may have gotten the cart before the horse—or the wrong kind of horse! Now, I am all for teaching students how to think, but what about teaching them our history, what about common touchstones—*civic education*? This responsibility of the President to be a civic educator, to generate a particular type of community, has surprisingly been ignored. I will argue that it should be deemed mandatory that the leader be a prime participant in generating a certain kind of community, to be a moral leader in the community. Consequently, the other aforementioned qualities become even more crucial.

There will be several objections to this proposition. First, it will be noted that it would be too easy for a President to assert his prejudices to be the "truth" about our history, leaving us open to the risk of totalitarianism. But initiating discussion does not mean prescribing discussion. Both Madison and Adams spoke of a kind of national university where persons might debate on political subjects, improve their talents, and thus become more capable of serving the public. For example, Madison's Second Annual Message: "By enlightening the opinions, by expanding the patriotism, and by assimilating the principles, the sentiments, and the manners of those who might resort to this temple of science, to be redistributed in due time through every part of the community, sources of jealousy and prejudice would be diminished, the features of national character would be multiplied, and greater extent given to social harmony." This suggestion is far from outmoded today. Why not a kind of national university, particularly as we approach our 200th anniversary? I, for one, would not be adverse to having the thoughts and sentiments of James Madison, Fisher Ames, John Dickinson, or Thomas Jefferson assimilated by the President and members of Congress. I, for one, would not be adverse to seeing these thoughts reported and published by the press and the media throughout the states. And it is possible that just this kind of reporting might eventually contribute to a different climate for discussion.

Second, it may be argued that the job of the President is so complex, that society is so complex, and that people pay so little attention to public life, that neither does he have the time nor would it do any good to become involved in generating civic discussion. On the contrary, one of the reasons for the lack of public participation is the dwindling of discussion of these types of considerations. Madison, when arguing the value of the Bill of Rights, declared that although he felt that they couldn't be declared with the requisite latitude, the political truths inscribed there might, by degrees, acquire the characteristics of fundamentals. Particularly, he argued, it is the job of the President, both by discussion and by example, to assist in generating that discussion of fundamentals, to generate that community which may grow from "recalling the lost images of virtue: contemplating them, and using them as motives of actions . . . until they acquire habitual virtue."

But how can government, or the President, carry out such civic education, when, at present, we have a group of individuals—the press—determining what the public will know? The kind of facts presented and the manner in which they are presented certainly influence the spirit in which those leaders are viewed, as to their ability to participate in generating a sense of community. Although I mentioned this relationship as particularly important, we will discuss it here only in relation to disclosure of a leader's very private morality, and how it relates to the qualities we deem mandatory in that leader.

First, we may say that by becoming a public official, an individual gives up much of his privacy. He must do so, as we have established earlier, in order that he be a visible example in the community. But does the press have a duty to tell us of, say, sexual indiscretions on his part? Or not to tell us of them, if they get along well with him? Does the press have a right to defame public officials? It has been stated that the people have a right to defame public officials, and that the goal of the First Amendment is the protection of free expression of private persons, not of those of the government (Thomas Emerson, *The System of Freedom of Expression*, pp. 464, 532). The Supreme Court test for damages in libel cases involving newsworthy individuals has concurred, designating malice rather than negligence (Emerson, p. 552). But I think we must ask how negligence, not just malice, on the part of the press, affects the climate for creation and maintenance of public virtue. Negligence may be a cause for damages in that it holds the potential for unwarranted disrespect. As Fisher Ames has written, "They [the people] see a monarch in Washington, and conspirators in their patriots . . . . They turn the best men out of office on the strength of their suspicions . . . ."

The task for us, and for the press, is to determine what kinds of information should be deemed private. Traditionally, the test for privacy has been, one, a private debt; two, distressing matters of the past; and three, intimate details about sexual practices (Emerson, p. 550). But just recently a vice-presidential running mate lost his nomination because of a distressing matter, which had prompted him to see a psychiatrist. Yet a President, and perhaps several, encouraged a myriad of sexual trysts, and still remained in the White House. It is not easy to determine just what behavior is necessary for a proper discussion of public virtue.

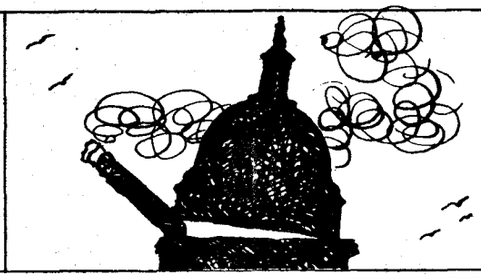
Is a Congressman's midnight ride around the tidal basin without a proper lookout, even though not influencing his ability to make decisions, a sufficient violation of civic virtue so as to erode his ability to generate its discussion? Certainly, the situation demands that we look for standards—the risks, the benefits involved in such a disclosure. And the means, the manner in which disclosed, are of crucial import here. Is it enough to disclose the facts, or must we publish a naughty little picture

of his companion as well? Is this too difficult a task? On the contrary, I believe we can distinguish degrees of "mandatoriness," and potential harm, when we compare having had one or two liaisons in the past on the part of a leader with a leader who encourages orgies in the White House. Again, it will be admitted that what offends my grandmother may not necessarily offend me; but I do not think that problem necessarily resolves itself into requiring a virgin, or disclosing that fact.

Public virtue, more than love of one's country, does what domestic affection does among friends. You and I, as friends, build up a relationship based on trust, on mutual respect, on mutual expectations and *acceptance*. Although still separate and discrete individuals, we see ourselves as a community as well, without loss of our individuality. Public virtue not only consists of love of one's country, but is *collective* by nature as well. Consequently, it is difficult, if not downright impossible, for the spirit of public virtue to exist in ruler but not in ruled, or *vice versa*. Madison notes that there was no greater maxim that required elucidation than the principle of majority rule; it could be trusted only when qualified with every necessary moral ingredient. Certainly, then, the people are a necessary part of the equation which yields republican community.

That we discuss just exactly what public or civic virtue is today, is particularly important if we are to decrease the strains on the system. Our Constitution did, and does, demand this. It recognized that stability depends less on policy agreement than on good feelings between governors and governed. That an increase in this discussion would increase humanity does not seem improbable; and that it would lead to lessening the strains on government seems an equally likely proposition. □

Letter from a Whig



by C. Bascom Slemp

The New Congress

Following the November elections much has been written on the ideological shift to the Left of the new Congress.

There are ninety-two newly elected members in the House of Representatives in the Ninety-fourth Congress, seventy-five of whom are Democrats. These newly elected Congressmen are younger than their predecessors (the new Congress will have the youngest average age of any Congress—under forty-one), they seem to be more aggressive, and they have shown little regard for what they consider Congress' antiquated traditions.

It has been widely written that the new Congressmen lack discipline and that they are more individualistic than their predecessors—the Democratic freshman class for example could not come to an agreement on who their so-called class president should be. But in terms of their ideological goals the new Democrats have to date reflected a strong sense of purpose and unanimity.

The initial test of their strength came when California Democrat Philip Burton, first elected to Congress in a 1964 special election, was elected Chairman of the House Democratic Caucus. Burton's victory over fellow California Democrat B.F. Sisk for the Caucus Chairmanship reflected a decisive victory for the House Democrats' liberal Left. And although little has been said on the matter publicly, Burton's election makes him the clearcut favorite to take on Majority Leader Tip O'Neill, (D.-Mass.) for the position of Speaker of the House in 1976.

The present Speaker of the House, Carl Albert (D.-Okla.), is considered ineffective and out of touch with the new radical mood of the House Democrats. If Albert does not retire in 1976 his position as Speaker of the House will nevertheless be challenged by these Young Turks.

Under Burton's leadership the Democratic Caucus has already instituted a number of far-reaching changes, the most important of which was the stripping of the House Ways and Means Committee of its major source of power.

When Wilbur Mills (D.-Ark.) chaired the Ways and Means Committee he was considered the most powerful man in Washington, D.C. except for the President, because his committee was responsible for Democratic House committee assignments, and for legislation related to taxation, social security, trade, and national health insurance. Under the new system Democratic committee assignments will be made by a newly founded policy group.

It is perhaps surprising to some, but House Republicans have traditionally been more innovative than their Democrat counterparts—possibly the outgrowth of their being the permanent opposition. The House GOP has used a Select Committee on Committees as their vehicle for making committee assignments. House Democrats in the Ninety-fourth Congress will select their committee chairmen on the basis of a secret ballot rather than seniority, but House Republicans have so selected their ranking members during the past two Congresses. The much discussed reform proposals of the Bolling Committee were supported by House Republicans but were defeated because of opposition from House Democrats.

Another major victory for House liberals came with expansion of the Ways and Means Committee membership from twenty-five to thirty-seven. Mills had selected his fourteen Democratic colleagues on the Committee very carefully (although not carefully enough considering his successor), and not one of the Democratic Committee members in the Ninety-third Congress had been in Congress for less than fourteen years. However, the Ways and Means Committee will still be smaller than other major House committees, including Appropriations with fifty-five members, Armed Services with forty, Foreign Affairs with forty, and Judiciary with thirty-eight.

In the Senate, Democratic liberals are also seeking changes. They would like to expand membership of the Democratic Steering Committee (responsible for making Democratic committee assignments), and the Democratic Policy Committee. In addition they would like to expand the size of the Senate Armed Services Committee and the Senate Finance Committee. All of these proposed changes are designed to reflect more closely the two-to-one liberal vs. conservative ratio present in the general Senate Democratic membership.

A perennial proposal in the Senate after every election is a motion to reduce from two-thirds to three-fifths the vote required to break a filibuster. The vote on this motion is expected to be close in the new Congress, for as the Senate membership becomes increasingly liberal the pressures will grow to stalemate the conservative minority. The most effective way to do this would be to modify the filibuster rule.

Senate Democrats hope to change seniority rules as their counterparts in the House have already done and to select committee chairmen by secret ballot.

Senators from both sides of the aisle have also decided to change Senate rules so that all committee meetings will be open to the public, as they are in the House, unless the committee has good cause to close a particular session.

No leadership changes are expected

among Senate Democrats, and the only battle for a leadership position on the Republican side of the aisle was between Sen. Carl Curtis (a conservative from Nebraska), and New York's liberal Jacob Javits for the chairmanship of the Republican Conference Committee (Curtis won).

In the aftermath of the elections most of the popular attention has, of course, focused on the incoming freshmen and their challenges to authority. However a more gradual change in the Senate power structure has been underway that has not received much noticeable attention, but which in the long run will be of far-reaching significance.

Since Southern Democrats have traditionally been returned to Congress more consistently than any other group, they have been able to control the Senate's most powerful committees. In the new Congress the Senate's eighteen standing committees will have only six chaired by Southern Democrats, although these chairmanships still include the big four—Appropriations, Armed Services, Finance, and Foreign Relations—as well as Agriculture and Judiciary.

The Southern chairmen of these six committees, however, are close to retirement. Stennis (Armed Services) is seventy-three, McClellan (Appropriations) is seventy-eight, Sparkman (Foreign Relations) is seventy-five, Long (Finance) is fifty-six, Eastland (Judiciary) is seventy, and Talmadge (Agriculture) is sixty-one. The successors to these chairmen are all from a different generation, more liberal, and from geographic areas outside of the South.

The shift in the political power of the Senate is still not realized; the same cannot be said for the House of Representatives. Because of the new additions to the House membership, and because of the structural changes the new members have already implemented, the new Congress has become a highly partisan liberal Democrat vallation. Their opportunity has now come, and as one pundit recently observed, they have nobody to blame but themselves if they fail to deliver on all those election promises.

Congress is indeed becoming increasingly liberal, but baby it looks as if we ain't seen nuthin yet. □

Anthony Harrigan

Oil: A Military Solution

Given a certain set of conditions, the United States might find it necessary to take control of oilfields in the Middle East. All thoughtful Americans appreciate that such action would be fraught with great risk. Military intervention in the Persian Gulf region, for example, could lead to dangerous Soviet armed action. Nevertheless, resort to the military option is conceivable if the Arab oil-producing states impose an embargo which threatens the collapse of key NATO countries and Japan. Military intervention would be only a last resort, but the Arab states should clearly understand that it is an option which will take on a compelling logic if the oil embargo weapon is used again and the industrial machine of the West is shut down.

The importance of the United States conveying this truth to the Arab oil-producing nations has been cited by a number of commentators. In one of his final newspaper columns, Joseph Alsop declared that "There is 100 percent certainty of another Arab oil embargo if war breaks out—unless the United States makes quite clear, credibly and in advance, that renewal of the embargo will be the signal for American military action in the Persian Gulf." Prof. Robert Tucker, writing in *Commentary*, has suggested that the United States consider applying force or at least the "credible threat of force" to safeguard vital oil interests in the Middle East. In England, the *Daily Telegraph* observed that the U.S. government has issued disclaimers about the use of military force "yet deliberately left the niggling uncertainty that there was no knowing what acts of desperation might ensue if great and powerful countries were suddenly threatened with ruin."

If there is another embargo, the United States might have to intervene, not so much to protect itself as to sustain the established world order, and to protect allies in whose strength America has a tremendous economic and strategic stake. Another embargo would inconvenience but not cripple the U.S. itself, for, at this time, the bulk of America's imported oil comes from Venezuela and Canada. Venezuela is a member of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), but it ignored the Arab oil embargo in 1973 and 1974. If Venezuela were to join the Arabs in a second round, it would invite retaliation from the United States. It would be a simple matter for the United States to compel Venezuela to resume oil shipments.

But Venezuelan oil is not the answer to the oil needs of Western Europe and Japan. These areas are absolutely dependent on petroleum from the Middle East. Therefore, if the United States feels compelled to take military action to prevent the collapse of Europe and Japan, it must intervene in a Middle Eastern country with the capacity for meeting the huge oil needs of America's friends and allies.

If necessary, moreover, American military intervention ought preferably to take place where there is the greatest opportunity for swift, effective military action.

Given these considerations, the logical candidate for U.S. military intervention, in the event of a major embargo crisis threatening the West, is Saudi Arabia.

First, Saudi Arabia is the key to any effective embargo. It is the giant Middle East oil producer with a production of 8.5 million bbl. per day. It has more oil than Kuwait, Iran, Iraq, Abu Dhabi, and all the other Gulf states put together.

Second, Saudi Arabia has fewer than six million people and they are scattered over a vast territory. Its armed forces are small and weak. In the event of a lengthy occupation of the Saudi oil fields, the problem of sabotage would be minimal.

Finally, the geographical isolation of the Arabian Peninsula from the land mass of Western Asia provides a small advantage in a situation in which there would be many disadvantages to overcome.

Only a few years ago American military intervention in Saudi Arabia would have been unthinkable. The two countries long enjoyed excellent relations. Americans played the leading role in the development of the country's oil resources. But there has been an extraordinary change in the relationship between the Western industrialized nations and the Arab oil-producing states. The former are victims of extortion being practiced by the Arab oil cartel. Under the circumstances, the U.S. and its allies must do whatever is necessary to assure their survival.

It should be recognized that American military intervention in the Arabian Peninsula or the Persian Gulf area, though far from impossible, would entail great difficulties. The region is remote from the continental United States. Moreover, it is an area where the United States is without forward military bases such as it possesses in the Pacific. Naval vessels committed to a landing operation in the Persian Gulf would have to be dispatched around Africa or across the Indian Ocean from the Pacific.

If the United States were to find it necessary to take over the Saudi oilfields, the military intervention undoubtedly would

be designed to secure control of the country's Persian Gulf coastal region in which most of the oil installations are located. For example, in this strip, near the town of Abqaiq, is the Ghawar Oil Field, the biggest single oil field in the world. In 1973, it was producing at a rate of 4.5 million bbl. per day.

This strip is characterized by low relief. The sea nearby is shallow and full of shoals. There are many coastal sand flats. Southward there is a wide belt of drifting sand often piled up into large dunes. The coastal areas not covered with sand are bare, rocky terrain.

At a minimum, the occupied area in the Persian Gulf coastal strip would consist of a zone 100 miles in width by 200 miles in length. It contains a vast complex of wells, oil storage tanks, wharfs, power plants, and refinery facilities. The element of surprise would be desirable in order to minimize sabotage to these installations once the Saudis realized intervention was in progress.

Of necessity, intervention would be a combined naval-air operation utilizing America's strength in aircraft carriers and air transports. Because of the overall weakness of U.S. conventional forces in the post-Vietnam era, a preparatory buildup of forces would seem to be necessary. For instance, in an approaching oil embargo crisis, one would look for the U.S. to send two large aircraft carriers on show-the-flag missions in the western Indian Ocean, and to pre-position vital military supplies, suitable for operations in the Persian Gulf, at NATO bases in Europe. Heavy pressure would be brought on Portugal to make sure that Lajes airfield in the Azores would be open to American C-5A transports in the event of military intervention in the Gulf—perhaps to the point of warning Portugal that noncooperation would result in a landing of U.S. Marines to hold the vital Lajes airfield. Meanwhile, a Marine helicopter carrier and two embarked battalions of Marines undoubtedly would be given a training mission in the Indian Ocean.

Last November, the 60,000-ton carrier U.S.S. *Constellation* cruised the Persian Gulf on what was officially described as a "familiarization" mission. Thus naval air operations officers should now have a clear understanding of the problems they would face if called to support a landing in Saudi Arabia.

It is reasonable to suppose that U.S. military authorities would adopt an intervention plan involving the following moves:

1) The President of the United States would announce that a landing operation in Saudi Arabia was in progress due to a global economic crisis brought on by the Arab oil boycott which threatened the collapse of the free world. Simultaneously, he would order a worldwide defense alert against surprise attack and urge the Soviets to refrain from any counteraction. Iran also would be cautioned against intervening in support of Saudi Arabia.

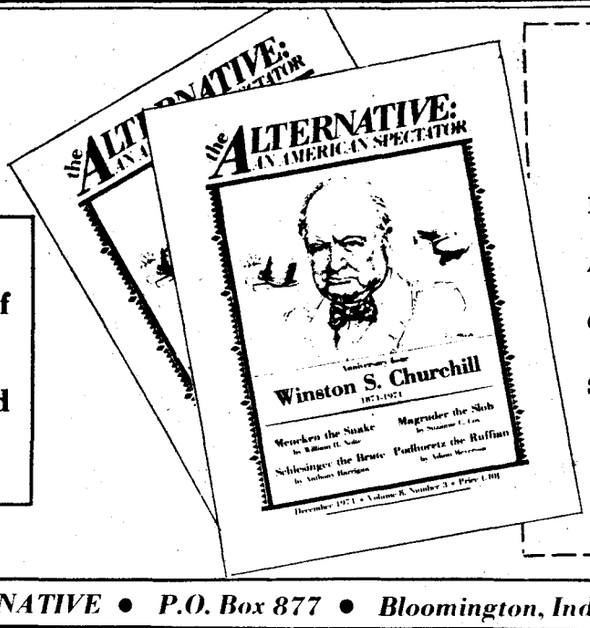
2) The Marine helicopter carrier would proceed to a point off Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, and would launch helicopters and Marines to secure the vital Dhahran airfield. Other Marines would come ashore to assist in holding the airfield perimeter and would take over coastal oil terminal facilities. These moves would be made under cover of planes from a U.S. aircraft carrier in the Persian Gulf. A second U.S. aircraft carrier would cruise in the Gulf of Oman to deter Iranian intervention and prevent any attempt to block the narrow Strait of Hormuz, the entrance to the Persian Gulf.

3) As these moves were in progress, U.S. Air Force C-5A transports, which had refueled in the Azores and flown over Israel and Jordan, would land U.S. soldiers and ground equipment at Dhahran. Planes from U.S. carriers in the eastern Mediterranean would provide cover for the transports in their flight over Jordan and Saudi Arabia near the southern border of Iraq. Planes from the carrier in the Persian Gulf presumably would provide this cover for part of the distance.

Within twenty-four hours, U.S. forces should be able to secure control of the most vital part of the Saudi Arabian oil area. Oilfield personnel could be flown in from overseas to replace those Saudis who refused to work or attempted to sabotage the operations.

This is a thumbnail sketch of what would be the most complex and sensitive intervention operation ever undertaken by the United States—an operation far more difficult and dangerous than the landings in Lebanon and the Dominican Republic. Soviet satellite reconnaissance might detect preparations for such an intervention operation. Indeed the Saudis already know that the subject of intervention is being discussed in the United States. Nevertheless, given the military resources of the United States, a condition of grave economic crisis, and the special vulnerability of the Saudis, military intervention is feasible. Whether intervention would be a wise action or an act of desperation is for the U.S. government and people to debate. The Saudis, for their part, must realize that a new embargo would be a virtual act of war against the West. The aim of the United States is to have friendly relations with Saudi Arabia, but the Saudis must realize that they will not be permitted to use their oil weapon to drive the Western world and Japan into poverty and industrial disaster. □

The Alternative is one of the few magazines I read regularly.
—Edward C. Banfield



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Book Review/Kenneth E. Grubbs, Jr.

A Muggeridge Treat

I had a pretaste of this feast, the second course before the first, upon my first trip, last year, to London. Actually outside of London: at the Bromley Court Inn, a lovely place to land after seven weeks of whizzing across Europe, in Kent. I had four days, and though the desire burned to see Fleet Street and spend as much time as I could with my new friend Jane, such a place of repose as the Bromley—and the *Sunday Times* if it is serializing Malcolm Muggeridge's memoirs—has first rights to me. *That* is England.

The excerpted chapter—from *The Infernal Grove* (a phrase from Blake), now out in America—was nothing if not transfixing: a spy story surpassing Fleming or Le Carré. And, more incredulously for me, all true; all about young Muggeridge's bizarre experiences in the topsy-turvy world of the English Secret Service during World War II, and embellished with memorable profiles of friends such as Graham Greene ("a saint trying unsuccessfully to be a sinner").

Muggeridge's ability to make life—the nuthouse of history—more astonishing, fascinating, and hilarious than fiction has long been a mainstay of Western journalism, print or broadcast. Whether as a panelist on BBC (or fixture on the late night American tube) or editor of *Punch* (or book reviewer, every month, for *Esquire*), that funny old Englishman with the long white eyebrows and the face etched with laughter lines has become salvation, the grace of humor, for untold people enslaved by the twentieth century with all its grimness.

Muggeridge is merciless on this century, for we are caught, it is his notion, in mere sensuality: the sweetness of the earth, the love affair with ideologies, the marriage to secular optimism. He is to that optimism what Voltaire was to the world of Pangloss. He is more curmudgeonly, more thoroughgoing in his affront to temporal pastimes than the cynics; not one of them, he is able to be more damning than the cynics at every turn. For it is exactly, he reminds us, the detestation of the world, and its tinhorn leaders and reigning ideologies, that permits us patience and tolerance. Once we "root up the Infernal Grove" we can be worthy, with Blake, "to step into Eternity."

If that attitude has been the essence of Christianity it has also been the making of one of the giant comic minds of this century. A poll taken recently indicated that the most recognized countenance in the British Empire (oops, ex-empire) is Muggeridge's; number two is the Queen's. Muggeridge has the last laugh on everyone, true mirth. I don't know but I've been told (as the blues singers say) that when one of our newsweeklies reviewed this wonderful autobiography the magazine jolted Muggeridge's followers by not once mentioning his Christianity. It is that sort of weakness that proves Muggeridge's small expectations so hilariously right. Love his style, praise the brilliant sheen, but quietly neglect the truth at its heart. So twentieth century.

And what a style it is, a joy to the soul. It is not enough to say that Muggeridge has written in nearly every form: newspaper editorials, foreign correspondence, fiction. There is scarcely a writer with such mastery of English prose. This sample I would take over D.H. Lawrence any day:

Chronicles of Wasted Time
I. *The Green Stick*
II. *The Infernal Grove*

by Malcolm Muggeridge
Morrow $6.95 and $7.95

"Marriage (whether registered or not) begins, not with setting up house, counting wedding presents, blowing kisses, looking at wedding groups, but with two bodies confronting one another like two wrestlers. To clinch and struggle and contend with one another. Rolling about, now one on top, now another; grunting, coaxing, sweating, murmuring, yelling. So the world began, with vast turbulence in the genitalia of space. Each bodily union is a microcosm of the same process; a continuation of creation, a reaching after creativity through the fusion of two beings—the flesh first; then the soul, the totality, to make a third. This achieved, peace follows; the work done, we may sleep, letting an arm grow numb rather than wake a sleeping head cushioned there. So serenely asleep after the battle, and maybe already ovum and sperm seizing the interlude to enact their own drama; the expense of passion quickening in its peaceful aftermath. We exist to continue existence; unite to be united; love in order to go on loving."

I hope you didn't read all that at once. Of course Muggeridge has a field day with our preoccupation with sex—"happiness in true twentieth century style." But he does so because of all things this century has found to idolize few things can be so preposterous—unless perhaps politics.

"The absurdity is to suppose that self-government, as such, is otherwise beneficent; that replacing a buffoonish colonial governor with a feathered hat by an equally buffoonish Jomo Kenyatta with a fly-switch, or white bully-boys by black ones, represents any moral or—as the World Council of Churches, that *pons asinorum* of all Christian endeavor, appears to suppose—spiritual advance. India without the Raj is, in this respect, in no way better, or worse, place. The only essential difference is that the Sahibs are now brown instead of white." No, this isn't Mencken (though it sounds like him). Pure Muggeridge.

Politics, and sex, make a happy Green Stick—Tolstoy's phrase. The Green Stick, Tolstoy believed, and Muggeridge early on believed, was buried in the Russian soil; if it were but uprooted and employed wand-like all evil would be destroyed, and happiness supplanted in place. Again Muggeridge senses a literary tool with which to flail away merrily at modern delusions; he uses it brilliantly. His first volume describes how he shook his youthful belief in the Green Stick and how, as a leader (editorial) writer for the *Manchester Guardian*, he became disabused of his devotion to liberalism and his enchantment with the workers' paradise in Sovietized Russia.

Though he had recognized them as the comic characters they were, he perhaps listened too much to his aunt and uncle by marriage, Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Thus imbued with rosiness about the Kremlin-chartered Golden Age, Muggeridge packed up his family, sold their earthly belongings (who would need them since the Revolution?) and went off to Moscow for the *Guardian*. There he found the ludicrous impracticalities, the stupid censoriousness of the regime. There he found the political breed, especially the ideologized kind, odoriferous; the stench only grew stronger throughout his life, sharpening his punditry.

Muggeridge has honed his words on all manner of political animals, clergy, rock 'n' roll stars, et al.—Churchill to Jagger, the cigar thrust into the sky replaced by the new head of empire's lips thrust into—whatever. He is the complete journalist, because he is the maverick journalist, forever pounding away at the "intimations of bogus expertise" offered freely by the waxing writers and chirping panelists. Albeit among them, Muggeridge cannot abide much of journalists, who are, he tells us, "sharks."

The section should, of course, be included in journalism texts, but of course will never be. This is his remembrance of leader writing days at the *Manchester Guardian* under C.P. Scott. "It is painful to me now to reflect the ease with which I got into the way of using this non-language; these drooling non-sentences conveying non-thoughts, propounding non-fears and offering non-hopes. Words are as beautiful as love, and as easily betrayed. I am more penitent for my false words—for the most part, mercifully lost for ever in the Media's great slag-heaps—than for false deeds....there was no need for politicians to finish their sen-

tences, the end being implicit in the beginning." Muggeridge would substitute editorial writers for politicians, make no mistake.

Then, he does the unforgiveable and lists for the wary several of the "all-purpose cues," good for any orator or editorialist:

"On this historic occasion when...."
"No thinking man will underestimate the...."
"While recognizing the reality of...."
"It is idle to think that politicians can...."

And so on. I have been a daily editorial page editor for four years and—yup. Even we libertarian editorialists have our "all-purpose cues," though I daresay not as many; I can only leave you to guess them.

Muggeridge is by no means a mechanical libertarian, though even John Kenneth Galbraith acknowledges his impulse as rather thoroughly anarchic. Indeed he attacks the libertarian arguments for legalized hashish, and uses as his witness India, woebegotten, torn-down, spiritless India. Muggeridge is good because Muggeridge is a man of heart, and he so loves love that he never ideologizes it. I should rather spend a day with Malcolm Muggeridge than I would a seminar with Ayn Rand.

Muggeridge is a mystic who does not hesitate to share his ecstasies. His mystical experiences would never be reported, however, in the *National Enquirer*; compared, the pop-mysticism of Leary or Ram Dass is but "processed cheese."

So, compared with *Chronicles of Wasted Time*, both volumes, are the memoirs of current politicians and the autobiographies of aging adolescents we are so helplessly glutted with. Velveeta. Muggeridge is Brie. □

Book Review/Robert H. Ferrell

The Games of Henry Kissinger

Marvin and Bernard Kalb are two CBS News reporters and their book entitled *Kissinger* is a not very subtle effort to show that the present secretary of state is a great man. The authors do not come right out and say that Kissinger is a great man, but they imply that conclusion, all the way through the 549 pages of text and 12 pages of bibliography and notes. And of course they have chosen their man's last name as the title, which must be an evidence of greatness.

The book offers a detailed account of Kissinger's years as presidential assistant for national security affairs and, now, secretary of state. It begins with some pages on how the job came to the man (no holder of public office in America will admit that he ever sought it). There then is a flashback to the early years in Germany, emigration to the United States in 1938, high school in New York City, a stint in the United States army, and the years at Harvard. The authors spend a considerable time showing Kissinger's upward movement after he received his B.A., summa cum laude, in 1950. They relate his work at the Council on Foreign Relations in New York during the mid-1950s, and the return to Harvard and a tenured professorship. In the 1960s came increased "visibility" as Kissinger shuttled between Cambridge and New York to advise Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Then ill luck intervened, when Rocky in 1964 and 1968 failed to receive the Republican nomination. It appeared as if Kissinger would never achieve high appointive office in Washington, for he had made some indiscreet political comments. "Richard Nixon," he had said in his convoluted way, "is the most dangerous, of all the men running, to have as President."

On the surface of things in 1968, Kissinger was about to fail, which meant going back to Cambridge on a permanent, non-shuttle basis. His luck then changed. President-elect Nixon learned that there was a Republican who was also a Harvard professor, and seems to have been so surprised as to ask to see Kissinger. The two men met on the thirty-ninth floor of the Pierre in New York, at ten o'clock on the morning of November 25, 1968. It was a Monday, and Kissinger had to get back to Cambridge to teach his seminar at four. But there was time for several hours of talk over the lunch hour, and the result was an invitation to become adviser for national security affairs. Nixon gave Kissinger a week to think it over. Kissinger thought about it for a day or so and accepted.

Kissinger

by Marvin Kalb and Bernard Kalb
Little, Brown $12.50

The work of subsequent years is fairly well known in outline, for Kissinger has touched virtually every international crisis or development of importance since January 1969. The Kalbs have organized their chapters sensibly, and missed very little or maybe even nothing as they turn from SALT to Vietnam ("Riding the Vietnam Roller Coaster") to Jordan to Cuba to China to the summits of 1972 to pulling out, down to the last section of the book, which is entitled "From Scandal to War" (Watergate, the Fourth Arab-Israeli War, the Aswan-Jerusalem shuttle). Kissinger's work in public office, whether in the White House or on the seventh floor of the department of state, has been hectic and peripatetic, one problem after another, enough to drive most biographers to distraction; but the Kalbs have brought order out of the details and the reader can easily find his way.

Well, now, have they proved that Kissinger is a great man? Such an individual should have considerable accomplishments before holding office—before, that is, reaching the height of his greatness. He should be able to demonstrate very special, one might say outstanding, qualities while in office. And in accord with the dictates of history and historians since the time of Thucydides he should be able to point to a legacy of his greatness. Can Kissinger qualify?

Consider, first of all, the pre-1969 record. The present secretary of state is often thought of as a sort of academic genius, a *Wunderkind*, and it is true that the signs are impressive. But one must wonder whether there has been less here than meets the eye. Kissinger graduated from Harvard with the top accolade, summa cum laude. His senior essay was 350 pages long, and Professor William Y. Elliott refused to read more than a hundred pages but still gave the bright undergraduate the summa. Elliott's colleagues in the political science department thereupon passed a rule that no senior essay could exceed 150 pages. Safely over that hurdle Kissinger went ahead to the Ph.D. The result was not spectacular, even though the thesis eventually was published. The Kalbs admit that Kissinger's opaque prose makes tough going and is sometimes impossible to read. The reviewer can testify on that point. He recently undertook to read *A World Restored*, which concerns the making of peace after the Napoleonic Wars. Because it is an old academic custom to take notes from books about history, he stuck a file card in the book on which he planned to jot down the numbers of pages from which later he would type off the notes. After four chapters there were no numbers. Nor could he remember anything, really, about either Metternich or Castlereagh who were the principal figures in the post-Napoleonic drama. The book was so opaquely written that one sailed along in the haze. Every once in a while the sun would come out. That would be the end of the chapter. A few months ago A.J.P. Taylor reviewed a

reprint of *A World Restored* and brought together a grand assemblage of aphorisms, which one might describe as Kissingerisms. He scoffed at the intellectual result, however, which (though he did not say it) resembled the sayings of Chairman Mao because of their vacuity or double meaning or plain incomprehensibility. Kissinger's other writings have this same quality, which sometimes has been described as Germanic, though there have been many writers of German origin who have written memorable English. Kissinger's prose has been assembled into books, and the books make an impressive stack, and they are well-published, by the best New York and Boston firms, but they are hard to read. His work has been unread by more people who bought it than the work of any other writer except Toynbee.

The academic career, which has led the public as well as government officials to refer to the secretary of state as Dr. Kissinger, has had its ups and downs, and everything considered it does not represent American scholarship so much as American scholarly entrepreneurship—the sort of frantic movement from campus to metropolis to Washington to capitals abroad, seminars mostly met but sometimes missed, a constant advising and assisting that, everything considered, surely did not allow much time for reading and thinking. Kissinger has been the epitome of a certain type of academic operator (one uses that last work without coloration) of the 1960s. Let there be no mistake about it: this was not scholarship but "development" or something or other, perhaps of an academic program, maybe a government program, possibly just a career. The Harvard political science faculty felt uncertain about Kissinger in 1954 and denied him tenure. After he went down to the Council on Foreign Relations, headed up a prestigious study group, and in 1957 published *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, a book that came out just at the time of the national concern about Sputnik, he obtained so much public notice that Harvard rethought the tenure problem and invited him back. During the 1960s he seemed too ambitious, and maybe slightly conservative, to get a really good appointment in Washington, and he cycled on the fringes of affairs, though his closeness to Rockefeller meant that he had to be taken into consideration now and then. At last came the meeting with Nixon and the appointment to head the National Security Council. But no one, looking back on the preceding fifteen or so years beyond Kissinger's baccalaureate, could say seriously that he had become a great scholar.

As for the policies in office, whether they show greatness might be a task of analysis more properly left to the future. Yet there is enough indication, enough evidence at the moment, to say that those policies have not come off very well. The Kissinger foreign policies, so much advertised in the public press, have often been failures or, at best, draws. The record is not impressive. The diplomacy with China, so much remarked, was a relatively simple business. And however heartening it is to realize that the long era of isolation has now come to an end, with Americans again speaking to Chinese, it must remain a large question as to what the friendliness will mean for the future. Chairman Mao is in his last years and what will happen when his successors review his foreign policies? The Chinese who smile and bow to Americans on the streets of Peking may suddenly be chasing the foreign devils into the trees. As for detente with Russia, it did not mean enough to the Soviet Union to prevent a nasty situation developing in the Middle East during the autumn of 1973. The Soviets knew two weeks in advance that war was coming, and did not bother to warn the patron of Israel. To bring peace to the Middle East it later seemed to be necessary for United States military forces to go to DefCon 3 (Defense Condition 3, halfway on a scale from 5 down to 1, with 1 meaning war). Detente, a witty French writer has said, is cold war pursued by other means. And the Kissinger policies toward Europe are well-known to have verged on fiasco. The Year of Europe remained a phrase instead of a phase. After its announcement for the year 1973, American relations with Europe reached their lowest point since 1932 when President Herbert Hoover was dunning Europeans to pay the war debts of 1917-1918. In 1973 the European nations were told of American moves in support of Israel, not consulted about them. Then Kissinger lost his temper when the Europeans would not follow his Israeli policy and was heard to say, "I don't care what happens to NATO." During this celebration of the Year of Europe the Arabs quadrupled the price of oil, a calamity for which Europeans are still cursing the United States.

> "Kissinger's work has been unread by more people who bought it than the work of any other writer except Toynbee."

Nowhere was there any lasting success. The exit from Vietnam required four years, and everyone knows that South Vietnam is in parlous shape today. As for the two agreements in Moscow in 1972, concerning nuclear weapons and the ABM, they now look almost ephemeral. The Soviets are mirv-ing, and both Soviet and American missiles are heading out to sea. Meanwhile the American ABM is dead; the defense department is going to mothball the single installation at Grand Forks, now almost completed, which will have cost five and a half billion dollars.

Then there is the legacy of the Kissinger policies. Suppose that the secretary of state's jocular remarks about retiring—coming back from the Middle East in November 1974 he joked with reporters on the plane about how much he might expect to make for speeches after his retirement—were to be followed by an exit from office in the near future. What would historians say about his legacy?

Observers of the Kissinger stewardship in high office would not be able to say much about the policies he carried forward, the successes he achieved. They would have to turn to some of his ways of behavior in office, his techniques in the White House or on the seventh floor. And here their evaluation would have to be adverse. They would note, for one thing, his willingness, perhaps even eagerness, to ignore the bureaucracy of his department, and probably add that such a tactic made little sense. The problems of American foreign relations in the 1970s are so complex that no man can keep them, in all their complication, in his own mind. There now are more than one hundred and fifty countries in the world, and more than one hundred and thirty belong to the United Nations. Only a large organization such as the six thousand people domiciled mostly at Twenty-First Street and Virginia Avenue can hope to examine the ideas and policies of the dozens and dozens of important nations, not to mention the countries that would like to be important. One of the lessons of recent world politics is that no longer can diplomacy be conducted from the major capitals; the smaller nations supplying raw materials are standing up to the large nations. Surely it is foolish, because it is dangerous, for Kissinger to feel that he can ignore the experts in his own cabinet department, that he can keep them busy with useless work while he deals with a few trusted advisers such as Helmut Sonnenfeldt or Joseph Sisco. The problems are too complicated, and require what General George C. Marshall used to describe as staff work which is, to put it bluntly, careful study and analysis.

A second part of the legacy of Kissinger foreign policy, less disturbing than the problem mentioned above but still foolish to an outside observer, is the secretary's penchant for secrecy. There can be no doubt that the present secretary of state likes to hold his cards close to his vest. The advantages of knowing more than anyone around him are fairly obvious. When an issue of policy comes up and the President asks someone about the issue, the answer must be that only Henry knows and perhaps the President would consider having Henry come over and brief him. Henry then can release the secret. The notion of secrecy also fits Kissinger's belief that the press and public should have information from official sources, not from leaks. That way it is possible to use the release of information as diplomacy, for sometimes a mere public statement suffices to get a point across to an adversary

or even a friend. Kissinger came to Washington with an acute sensitivity to the dangers that can come from the hundreds of newspapermen who spend their time in the capital pursuing bits and pieces of information around the cabinet departments and other offices. He wanted to control the release of information for the greater good of the government, surely.

Some advantages, personal and public, can come from the secrecy practiced by Kissinger, but it does seem that the disadvantages outweigh the advantages. The business of playing "I've got a secret" seems better for television than for diplomacy, and it is not very exciting on television. Why all the secrecy in handling the President's trip to mainland China, preceded as it was by the secret trips of Kissinger, since the Chinese knew and the Japanese did not need to be shocked? Why the secrecy over the negotiations with the Vietnamese in Paris—what was there to lose by bringing out details of the discussions? Sometimes one thinks the purpose of the secrecy is to corner the negotiation for Kissinger rather than use the regular ambassador on the spot. In the case of the Chinese this could have been the American ambassador in Poland. For the Vietnamese it could have been the ambassador in Paris. And much more can be done through the ambassador in Moscow. The Kalbs relate (and this information must have been obtained from the secretary, since no one else could have given it) how Henry spent a long day at the office, and then attended a cocktail party and enjoyed himself thoroughly and ostentatiously, after which he was whisked off to Andrews Air Force Base where he met the Soviet ambassador and immediately the big presidential jet took off for Moscow, secretly of course. While aboard the big jet during the ten-hour flight Henry slept and the ambassador read. For three or four days the President's number-one adviser then lived in a dacha in the Lenin hills and talked nonstop with Brezhnev and Gromyko. Only on the last day did Henry deign to inform the local American ambassador that he was in residence at the dacha. The thought never occurred to the Kalbs that the local American ambassador, Jacob D. Beam, an expert on the Soviet Union, might well have resigned immediately. Beam did resign shortly thereafter.

Speaking of secrecy one should not fail to mention Kissinger's part in the electronic enterprises of the Nixon Administration. When he thought that his subordinates or newspapermen had been leaking information he unhesitatingly had their phones tapped, and he read the resultant transcripts when they came across his desk. Some of the seventeen taps were kept on phones for months after the individuals concerned had left government employ, and civil suits are pending in the courts. Kissinger in an emotional scene in Salzburg last June denied absolutely that he had done any phone tapping, and he had sufficient chutzpah to say that he could not continue to be tormented and at the same time carry on the duties of his high office. He demanded an investigation, and said that if found guilty he would resign. The members of the Senate foreign relations committee absolved him almost before they could have investigated. But it seems clear that his denial about the wiretapping has been diplomatic, that is, a lie. Testimony before the committee by General Alexander Haig, censored at the time and belatedly released, leaves little to the imagination. During the years as Kissinger's assistant at the White House, Haig said, he "never viewed myself as anything but an extension of Dr. Kissinger," and he added that in passing names of officials and reporters to the FBI he had been told to ask "generally that they be surveilled."

The Kalbs, then, have failed to make their point—the point of greatness. Kissinger did not show considerable accomplishments before holding office, nor has he demonstrated very special qualities while in office. At the moment his legacy would seem to amount to a good deal less than greatness and could easily be interpreted as deplorable. The Kalbs have been completely taken in by the glamor, one might say, of a big operator like Kissinger flying in some big jet to somewhere or other, or coming back from somewhere or other. For CBS News perhaps this is what viewers want to see and hear. For people who can read—well, they deserve something better. □

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

Worlders are uncorking parliamentary maneuvers so dubious as to edify the average Chicago alderman.

In their last session they bounced Israel from UNESCO, denied it the right to reply to Arafat's slippery diatribe, and then landed feet first on South Africa. Acting in brazen contradiction of the UN charter, a charter meant to enjoin world peace through world law, they gratuitously evicted that country from their dizzy proceedings. They then took snipes at Cambodia, South Korea, and, through it all, the United States. And finally they accepted Mr. Arafat's definition of terrorism, a sophistry which included the stunning line, "Whoever stands by a just cause and fights for the freedom and liberation of his land from the invaders, the settlers, and the colonialists cannot possibly be called terrorist...."—and so for the first time since Danzig the international halls of justice echoed with a good word for lebensraum!

Taking one event with another, this was a prodigious session, even for energetic charlatans like the Third Worlders. But the show was not over yet, for just before it was time for the Third Worlders to return to their various democratic republics and after they had reflected on the length and breadth of their noble exertions they decided that everyone deserved a raise, a raise to be paid for fittingly enough by the world's leading menace to human rights, the United States. The bill was sent to Washington and off they flew. Civilization preserved for another year!

Why is it that the Solons and Numas of the Third World are in such a huff? Is it because Israel jails a few terrorists; well then what of the women and children slaughtered by the heroic P.L.O. at Maalot, at Qiryat Sh'monah, at Nahariya; at Beit Shean, and at Rihaniya? Is Israel avaricious for insisting on its borders gained in the 1967 war; well what of the P.L.O.'s stated intention to gobble up all of Israel? Or is it that Israel is a theocratic regime; well then allow me to present Saudi Arabia, Libya, and the so-called progressive governments of Syria and Iraq. And have the moralists of the Third World trampled the UN charter because South Africa follows an unjust policy of racial exclusion; well what of Uganda's mass exportations and the antiwhite statutes of Liberia? Is the Third World indignant at South African police brutality; what have they to say about the massacres of the Bahutu by Burundi's Watusi or the massacres of the Watusi by Rwanda's Bahutu? There is a vast and numinous hypocrisy entrancing these Third World magnificoes which stands immune to logical discourse or analysis.

A pox on all murderers, bigots, and tyrants—but an especially virulent pox on the swine of the Third World! They are almost to a government unrepresentative, unprogressive, disingenuous, illiberal, and trashy. They have created a mess in the United Nations that is an infamy and an embarrassment even for New Yorkers. The only practical solution to their behavior is for a troop of New York's finest to march into the glass zoo on the East River and evict its inhabitants for disorderly conduct. Such undignified politics are practiced in only one province in this country and that is Arkansas. Deport the Third World to Little Rock! □

Book Review/Robert A. Nisbet

The Strange Case of John Stuart Mill

Few living intellectual historians come close to Gertrude Himmelfarb (who is Chairman of the Department of History at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York) in seizing upon a significant, recognized problem and giving it original and authoritative answer in first-rate prose. She is widely known and admired for her earlier books on Lord Acton, on Charles Darwin, and on a number of other eminent nineteenth century English minds.

The present book belongs among the very best of Professor Himmelfarb's scholarly studies. It cannot fail to interest and to challenge those interested primarily in Mill himself—a truly fascinating and seminal mind, as one realizes all over from reading this book—but it will be of no less interest to the many more who are concerned with the present crisis of the liberal mind in Western society. It is the distinctive contribution of *On Liberty and Liberalism* that in it we are confronted by the very origins, existential and historical, of that crisis. The book's importance cannot, therefore, be overstated.

We all know Mill as the author of *On Liberty*, one of the most powerful and persuasive works to come out of the nineteenth century. That essay had, as Mill himself declared in his *Autobiography*, the status of "philosophic textbook of a single truth."

"The object of this essay," Mill wrote in *On Liberty*, "is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection."

Self-protection! That alone is the ground on which any authority is justified in its limitation of an individual's thought or action. The passage just quoted is followed immediately by the statement that "the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others." And the passage concludes with the ringing statement: "Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign." There is no reference, no implication, no hint, it will be seen instantly, of possible moral limits upon the freedom one may rightfully exercise in the community. There is no suggestion of the profound qualification Burke had laid down in his famous words that "men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites." One single principle, as Mill himself acknowledged, nay trumpeted, operates in respect of liberty: self-protection, coupled, of course, with prevention of harm to others, the referent of each purely physical.

Professor Himmelfarb rightly draws our attention to the monistic quality of Mill's definition of liberty and also to the anomaly of this degree of monism, absolutism indeed, in a mind that had, long before *On Liberty* was written, broken specifically with Benthamite utilitarian absolutism and, more generally, with all forms of monism in morals and politics. Why, she asks, did Mill, following the long period of liberation, so to speak, return to a logic he had for so long found repugnant, the logic of the absolute and the one, the kind of logic Jeremy Bentham had carried to a grotesque, if brilliant, extreme?

On Liberty and Liberalism: The Case of John Stuart Mill

by Gertrude Himmelfarb
Knopf $8.95

Even apart from method or logic, there is, as Professor Himmelfarb shows us in rich detail, "the other Mill," the John Stuart Mill of an earlier period who, in no monist or absolutist fashion could tell us that "government exists for all purposes whatever that are for man's good: and the highest and the most important of these purposes is the improvement of man himself as a moral and intelligent being." Similarly, "the other Mill," emancipated from Benthamite dedication to the sovereign principle of happiness for the greatest number, could write that "men do not come into the world to fulfill one single end, and there is no single end which if fulfilled even in the most complete manner would make them happy." And this same earlier John Stuart Mill could warn that while it is salutary to encourage everyone to *use* his own judgment, to go beyond this and encourage the individual to "*trust* solely his own judgment, and receive or reject opinions according to his own views of the evidence" will necessarily result in such an individual's becoming "a mere slave to the authority of the person next to him."

The scholarly heart of Professor Himmelfarb's book is its detailed, superbly marshalled investigation of how the second Mill, the Mill of *On Liberty*, with his unwonted, almost bizarre appeal to a "single," "sole," and "sovereign" principle to govern our approach to social policy had come to succeed the younger Mill, "the other Mill." Others have dealt with the problem in one respect or another, most commonly reaching the conclusion that no real disharmony between the two Mills exists, that the second is a logical development of the first. The signal merit of Gertrude Himmelfarb's study, from the scholarly point of view at least, is her complete destruction of this rendering of the matter. Far from there being "growth" or indeed any form of continuity, there is, as she emphasizes, complete contradiction between the two Mills and, crucial to the point, no development at all, but a kind of reversion involved: the reversion to both the method and manner of a philosophy that Mill had completely broken with.

Nor, as we see, is there ground for any supposition that Mill had simply forgotten the principles of politics and morality—so close in theme and atmosphere to those of Burke, Tocqueville, and others whom Mill had come to admire—which had actuated his work following his break with absolute utilitarianism. For we are given abundant evidence by the author that Mill, even while he was writing *On Liberty*, was only too aware of those principles. And so was his wife aware of them!

This brings us to the heart of Professor Himmelfarb's bold, original, and immensely interesting hypothesis to account for the rise of the second Mill, the absolutist of *On Liberty*. She recognizes the difficulty of ever being utterly sure in these matters, and one must respect the spirit of inquiry in which her hypothesis is reached. It is an open spirit. But the hypothesis itself is nonetheless forthright, and she has given it what seems to me incontrovertible foundation in Mill's and his wife's writings. Fundamentally the hypothesis is that Mill's profound devotion to his wife and her interests coupled with his gathering fascination with the whole women's rights movement with feminism, acquired within a very few years such momentum, such a central place in his mind that the spirit of *On Liberty* was the outgrowth and the book itself the fruit. To those who may balk at this explanation, it is enough here to say that Professor Himmelfarb herself is only too aware of and sensitive to the implication; but, as she adds, it is hard to reach any other conclusion, given the mass of direct evidence in its support and given too the amply recorded fact that both Mill and his wife believed, and set forth their belief, that it was, above anything else, Mill's growing preoccupation with the freedom and equality of women that accounted for his singular reversal of attitude toward the larger problem of freedom in society, a reversal that *On Liberty* in effect consecrates.

There were, as we learn from Professor Himmelfarb, those in Mill's day who were troubled by the absolutist concep

tion of freedom Mill declaimed in that book. Among them was the learned and thoughtful Leslie Stephen who, in an article beguilingly titled "Social Macadamisation," wrote: "The argument, in short, that all moral pressure ought to be destroyed because it may be misapplied implies the assumption that no spiritual authority can ever be set up because the old one turned out to rest on a rotten basis. As against this, we should hold that one main need of the day is to erect such an authority upon reason instead of upon arbitrary tradition....Distant as the prospect may be, it is in that direction that we must look for the formation of firmer and healthier intellectual and moral conditions."

If such an authority was "one main need" of that day, think of the even greater intensity of the need in our own day! In a bold passage Professor Himmelfarb writes: "Liberals have learned, at fearful cost, the lesson that absolute power corrupts absolutely. They have yet to learn that absolute liberty may also corrupt absolutely." The affinity between the two kinds of absolutism is very close in history. No one knew that lesson better than Burke in his celebrated observation that kings will become tyrants by policy when governing subjects who are rebellious by principle. In the nineteenth century such minds as Tocqueville, Burckhardt, James Fitzjames Stephen, and Emile Durkheim would echo that observation. It was Durkheim, sociologist and Dreyfusard, who could write: "In sum, the theories which celebrate the beneficence of unrestricted liberties are apologies for a diseased state....Through the practice of moral rules we develop the capacity to govern and regulate ourselves, which is the whole reality of liberty."

"Liberals have learned, at fearful cost, the lesson that absolute power corrupts absolutely. They have yet to learn that absolute liberty may also corrupt absolutely."

What a cost we pay for our contemporary belief—on a scale so much wider than anything that the Victorian age knew—that liberty and authority are antithetical. The "adversary culture" which Lionel Trilling has for so long and so profoundly identified for us, which is based, as Trilling stresses, on the belief that "a primary function of art and thought is to liberate the individual from the tyranny of his culture...and to permit him to stand beyond it in an autonomy of perception and judgment," rests in very large measure upon the conception of liberty that Mill chose to give to the world in his *On Liberty*.

In a final, brilliant chapter, "Some Paradoxes and Anomalies," Gertrude Himmelfarb shows us explicitly some of the consequences to contemporary culture of ever-widening use of, belief in, and quotation of (in major legal cases and governmental commission reports) Mill's "one very simple principle." Her treatment of the *Wolfenden Report* is exemplary in this respect. The theme of the chapter, as nearly as I can state it succinctly, is that the same liberalism which has so largely magnified the power of the political state in social, economic, and moral affairs has, in its Janus-like magnification also of absolute individual liberties, gone a long way toward the destruction of the means whereby political authority in any realm can be given legitimacy and thereby effect. This is, as Professor Himmelfarb shows us, the supreme paradox of our age: All that has been given to state and individual alike in the way of autonomy of action has been taken from the intermediate, moral sphere that is the sole possible base of genuine political authority and of genuine individual liberty. □

Stavisky & Young Frankenstein

We are haunted by what we are and what we might be. We see all around us the evidence of the fluidity and impermanence of life, and it frightens us, and gives us hope. We are poor and see that we might be rich, or weak and perhaps powerful, and the contrasts give us obsessions and also sustenance. Or we are rich and think that we might be poor, powerful but perhaps weak, and the contrasts make us afraid.

Poverty coexists with riches both in real life and in our thoughts, and we look with longing upon those who seem not only to get along in the midst of this confusion, but also to thrive on it. When they fall, we feel it keenly, just as we feel uneasy when someone seemingly healthier than us falls gravely ill.

Stavisky, a new import from France, is the story of a man who, for a time, seemed buoyed up by the very currents of uncertainty that weigh the rest of us down, but who finally succumbed to them in the most severe way possible.

Stavisky was a French swindler and confidence man who became one of France's most powerful men during the Third Republic and who caused a tremendous furor when he fell. He had managed an empire of bonds and nightspots based largely on the equivalent of check kiting and fraud. At a time when the whole Western world was locked in depression and poverty, he lived it up with a lavishness that would make Jackie Onassis envious.

He came from nowhere—his parents were Jewish émigrés from Russia— to sit with Cabinet members and nobility. He gambled away millions while other people who came from his background starved.

The movie about him works on three levels, all of them executed extremely successfully.

At the most superficial level, the movie is a fashion show. The sumptuousness of life among those who have a lot of money when most people have none is graphically brought across by the clothes, the cars, the interiors in which Stavisky and his crowd operated. We do not need to see the contrast with the clothes, cars, and interiors of most people to know that what we have seen is all the more lush because of the comparison.

At a slightly deeper level, the story is a social one. It tells about the corruption and decadence of life in the Third Republic. We see the power of money operating through the government, the press, the organs of justice. We see that Stavisky's legal troubles resulted not from perfection of the legal system, but from the use of that system by people with political ends—people trying to make political capital out of exposing competitors involved with Stavisky. We see the anti-Semitism of even Stavisky's closest friends, who tell him that when he falls they will say that they had been misled and should have known better than to associate with rootless cosmopolitan Jews. We see, in short, the awfully repulsive milieu in which Stavisky lived.

But at the deepest level, *Stavisky* is a film that plays on existentialist themes. It says that when people live in a world in which there is nothing but random chance, they should not be surprised at

what happens. Stavisky, at his most fundamental, was a failed existentialist. He recognized no moral imperatives in his dealings with others. He thought that since there was no heavenly or worldly force preventing him from cheating and stealing, that he might as well cheat and steal as not.

When other people cheat him and betray him, though, Stavisky is shocked and outraged. He should have known better.

The director, Alain Resnais, is one of the few authentic geniuses operating in the world of film, and he plumbs deep into our fears of existence and tells us how we should not react. He shows us that people whom we might have considered successful do not really know how to cope.

Running parallel with the story of Stavisky's last months is a story of the arrival of the exiled Trotsky in France. Its meaning is rather obscure, but is probably that Trotsky did know how to cope. When confronted with the failure of a truly grand and enormous project (in a physical and not a moral sense), namely the Russian Revolution, Trotsky withdrew and continued to fight for what he wanted, without being surprised at anything. Stavisky, the sharpie and con man, was an idealist about other people, while Trotsky, the idealist and revolutionary, was a realist about what life held.

The movie is shot beautifully and every frame is a joy to behold. Jean-Paul Belmondo is a wonderfully mobile and sympathetic Stavisky. The movie is that rare breed—intensely interesting and entertaining, and thoroughly instructive.

A further reason to see *Stavisky* is that Stavisky's wife, Arlette, is beautiful beyond words.

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Mel Brooks, a writer and comedian of great ability, has always had difficulty in keeping his directorial efforts from simply falling apart. *The Producers* had a funny idea, but it became a collection of more and more in-jokey gags which finally ended without much point. *Blazing Saddles* had the same problem. It really was not a whole movie. Rather it was a collection of jokes which were sometimes individually funny, but did not hold together. At the end, it was almost incredibly sophomoric.

Now Brooks has made *Young Frankenstein*. It hangs together; it works; it is a scream.

Based on the *Son of Frankenstein* story, Brooks' movie stars Gene Wilder as an American teaching physician who is a grandson of *the* Baron Frankenstein. Wilder inherits his grandfather's castle in Transylvania and is impelled into working to bring the dead back to life. Like Brooks' earlier movies, *Young Frankenstein* is full of jokes. But its main character has a certain kindly lunatic quality about him that makes the story whole. It is not a nightclub act; it is a funny fictional snatch of biography.

There are hilarious supporting characters such as the hunchbacked Igor, played by Marty Feldman, whose hump keeps changing sides. There is Cloris Leachman as the incredibly severe housekeeper Frau Blucher, whose very name makes the horses shiver. Madeline Kahn makes a wonderful Jewish princess who tries to keep the monster from raping her but who then, because of his monstrous proportions, falls in love with him.

Young Frankenstein is not the definitive spoof of the horror film genre, but it is a very good one.

It is extremely interesting to notice how similar the humor of *Young Frankenstein* is to that of television shows. The staple of television humor is the deflation of an attitude. For instance, Dr. Frankenstein thinks his experiment has failed. He says calmly that scientists sometimes fail. He says he will be stoic. Then he pauses a moment and goes into a frenzy. Or when Igor has stolen the wrong kind of brain, Dr. Frankenstein says he will not be mad at him but then starts to strangle him. It is television humor at its most evanescent, yet it works.

Young Frankenstein is an imperfect film and no work of lasting greatness, but it is funny while you watch it, and even, in contrast with Brooks' other movies, for a few hours afterwards. □

Book Review/David Brudnoy

The Little Engine That Could

Professor Rothbard is a little engine that could. He is young (as philosopher giants go), brilliant, tireless, generous, and open. He has a couple of great works under his belt—*Man, Economy and State* and *For a New Liberty*—as well as numerous other seminal books and countless provocative articles. His multivolume history of these United States is up-coming; you can bet your bottom funny-money that a *Rothbard* history isn't going to sound like warmed over Blum-Catton-Woodward-Schlesinger and Co. For all his tendencies to radical a-priorism now and again, Murray Rothbard respresents the best of today's libertarianism, and exemplifies a quality rare among libertarians, who, next to Stalinists, are generally the most humorless of men: a keen wit. It helps when you're a libertarian in 1984 minus nine.

What a nuisance he is, too. He won't stay pigeonholed as academic high priest of his anarcho-capitalist subcult of the dismal science. He ranges wide, and insists on pushing things back to first causes, examining problems constantly in terms of principles with scarcely a graceful bow to practicalities and suchlike impedimenta; what a nuisance is this guy who—politely, sure—offers at best an *up yours* to those who would contain him within their limited purview.

Egalitarianism as a Revolt against Nature And Other Essays

by Murray N. Rothbard
Libertarian Review Press $2.50 (pb)

There is a striking quality to this collection of Rothbard's recent essays, which may have for others an effect of shaking up previous beliefs like that a collection of Ia Rand's essays had upon this reviewer long ago. Someone fed up to here with statist jargon and altruist preachments, coming upon *Egalitarianism*, might recognize it as a welcome assault on the reader's present view of the world, and dash on from there into the rich vein of libertarian and conservative writings available to those who will push beyond their school reading list and locate the stuff.

Murray Rothbard wants no truck with contemporary glibness. In the title essay (from *Modern Age*, 1973), he offers what may well be the neatest libertarian critique available, without technical and obfuscatory jargon, on the doctrine of equality. He doesn't merely sputter sputtering comes easy to rightists these days. He doesn't give away the battle by conceding, as many do, that the Left is right in theory, just impractical. "Egalitarians do *not* have ethics on their side unless one can maintain that the destruction of civilization, and even of the human race itself, may be crowned with the laurel wreath of a high and laudable morality." It is a smashing piece, as are several others herein.

"Left and Right: The Prospects for Liberty" (from *Left and Right*, 1965) is disquieting. Whatever its guise, he attacks statism, of which he finds a surfeit on the Right as on the Left: "Socialism, like liberalism and against

conservatism, accepted the industrial system and the liberal *goals* of freedom, reason, mobility, progress, higher living standards for the masses, and an end to theocracy and war; but it tried to achieve these ends by the use of incompatible conservative means: statism, central planning, communitarianism, etc." It should be obvious where that sort of reasoning leads when he turns his gaze on conservatives. He seeks no detente with the traditionalist Right, and for those who so categorize themselves, this essay will hurt.

If the major ideological enemy is authoritarianism, the major enemy agency (as eviscerated in "The Anatomy of the State," from *Rampart Journal,* 1965) is: the State—coercive, parasitic, voracious, seemingly uncheckable, at least thus far, at least, he would have us believe, until libertarianism reigns. But why libertarianism? Are we to suppose that, of all manner of men, the libertarian alone is not subject to the lures of power, is not prone to the perversions of force? Is he so unlike bushy-tailed radicals, leaking-aorta liberals, and God-Country-Motherhood conservatives, that he is not wont to fanaticism when the moon is full and the conditions are appropriate? Well, Dr. Rothbard insists, a libertarian must exemplify a "lifelong dedication to liberty" which "can only be grounded on a passion for justice"—a radical temperament, an abolitionist one in fact, to "abolish instantaneously all invasions of liberty"; "powered by justice, he cannot be moved by amoral utilitarian pleas that justice not come about until the criminals are 'compensated.'" So there we have it. But I wonder. Goodness knows, we're in lousy shape now, what with collectivism racing (no longer creeping) to overtake us all. But might not even these passionate abolitionists wreak havoc, "powered by justice"? One hopes not, but zealotry is off-putting, and I reach for the Bufferin after reading manifestoes, libertarian or otherwise, by nutties as well as by my sweet friend Murray.

But what fun he is! What a delight to watch Rothbard start by saying A, march to B, then gallop on to X, Y, Z: on war, peace, and the state; on the fallacy of the public sector; on anarcho-communism; on much more besides. And what saucy stuff is an essay like "Kid Lib" (from *Outlook,* 1972), brutal but sound as a tight drum on the "rights" of kids, the "duties" of parents, and a civilized interplay of the two, albeit Pandoran in opening up more questions than finishing them off. But he is too harsh in "The Great Women's Liberation Issue" (*Individualist,* 1970): he demolishes Chick Lib insanity, fine; but he simply does not comprehend (and seems silly when pooh-poohing) the sounder insights of that movement; indeed, he has no real understanding of the prevalence of sexism in this society. On these matters he resembles more his enemy the traditionalist conservative than the beacon of freedom he would wish to be considered.

But then, who's perfect when he's furious? Murray Rothbard evokes in me the image of Garrison, whom he quotes: "I have need to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice about me to melt." □

Theatre Review/Max Geltman

An Evening with Mencken

Over in a corner of old Greenwich Village in New York City, Paul Shyre is holding forth as H. L. Mencken at the tiny Cherry Lane Theatre in an adaptation of some of the Baltimore Sage's most ebullient epigrams and aphorisms which he has aptly titled *Blasts and Bravos.* The audiences—happily the youngest of audiences—are chuckling with unalloyed mirth, a kind of joy that hasn't been heard in the land since the untimely departure of the founder of the original Saturday Night Club. Men like Mencken always die too soon.

But now—for a while at least—he comes to life in his study (exquisitely recreated by Eldon Elder) at 1524 Hollins Street, Baltimore. Here in fireman-red suspenders, with a bottle of good cheap wine on one table, and a stein full of Michelob (he didn't always guzzle Wurzburger) on his writing desk, Mencken-Shyre talks casually, wittily, stalking among his bookshelves in house slippers, culling bits and pieces from his *Schimpflexicon* (barbs cast in his direction by the High Booboisie) and from newspaper clips, very much in the spirit of this *Alternative*'s "Current Wisdom." Best of all, one smiles inwardly not merely at the high humor of the man, but at his reverential love of life and manners (or lack of them) as expressed by the most canting of his pet hates—the American politician.

Not that Mencken hated politics. He was, in the best sense of the term, a political animal. A Tory in politics (though this recreation of the Master is perhaps niggardly on this point), he deplored the low caliber of men chosen for the highest offices in the Republic. "Going into politics," he once said, "is as fatal to a gentleman as going into a bordello is to a virgin." Also he detested "democracy"

Blasts and Bravos:
An Evening with H.L. Mencken

adapted by Paul Shyre
Cherry Lane Theatre, New York

in the ignoble sense which sees in absolute egalitarianism an improvement on the human spectacle. In fact, he despised all "uplift," political and religious, most of all that kind of uplift practiced by the YMCA that combines muscle-building with soul-soaring.

Mencken was an unabashed agnostic, but not quite an atheist. When the Seventh Day Adventists predicted the end of the world, he took the precaution of removing the works of Voltaire from his shelves and the portrait of Darwin from his studio wall!

Once in Hollywood he let himself be converted by Aimee Semple McPherson. To set his friends' minds at rest he sent off the following telegram to Philip Goodman: "*was baptized by Aimee last Tuesday night you can have no idea of the peace it has brought my soul I can now eat five bismarck herrings without the slightest acidoses.*"

The orthodox may say that Henry lacked the gift of faith. But he had faith in man—so long as he stayed out of Hollywood, the national suburb which he called "the great reductio ad absurdum of civilization."

These things, quoted out of context, make one chuckle, as indeed they were intended to do. He observed of Coolidge, "Speaking or silent he says absolutely nothing. There's nothing to be said against him, but then there's nothing to be said for him—except that he slept more soundly than any other President. Nero fiddled but Coolidge snored." (These quotations from Shyre's production and lots more can be found in Sara Mayfield's *The Constant Circle,* a book I heartily recommend.) Yet he liked Silent Cal, reserving his undiluted contempt for William Jennings Bryan, who denied to the heavens that he was a mammal, as the Sage told his musical colleagues at the Saturday Night Club.

Mencken was not (in my judgment) as sound in his musical appreciations as he has been made out to be. It was his notion that there were only two kinds of music: "German and bad." Beethoven stood on

top of the Mencken musical pantheon, and of Schubert he said, "Schubert sweated beauty as naturally as a Christian sweats hate." A bit much, this, but quintessentially Menckenian.

Of course you won't hear all this at the Cherry Lane, but if you come to the "Big Apple" (Mencken would surely have had something pithy to say about *that*!), don't forget to visit the little theatre on the corner of Commerce and Morton Streets for a civilized and bracing evening with and about H. L. Mencken—a national institution lost to us these despairing days when we need him most. □

A Libertarian's Basic Repertoire

by Ralph Raico

Richard Cobden, *Political Writings*, (New York: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1973), 2 vols., 770 pp. $48. Introduction by Naomi Churgin Miller.

"War is the health of the State," wrote left-anarchist Randolph Bourne at the time of the First World War. The course of twentieth century history has verified his judgment with a vengeance. For the United States in particular, every war emergency and its subsequent detumescence has been a case of two steps forward and one step back for the government power. As a result, not only have militarist institutions and values and the number of State functionaries grown, but so have the suppression of civil liberties and, most especially, the whole system of state-corporate capitalism with which we are presently blessed.

That this was the logic of war—that the State, born in war and conquest, would tend to expand when placed again in its natural culture-medium—was an insight of the radical wing of nineteenth century liberalism. Historians have sometimes expressed perplexity over the fact that such "brutal" Social Darwinists as Herbert Spencer and William Graham Sumner, or such "cold egoists" as Jeremy Bentham, were among the most outspoken enemies of imperialism and war. (Spencer once said that his British patriotism could not survive the Boer War, and Sumner entitled a lecture on the outcome of the Spanish-American War, "The Conquest of the United States by Spain.") But there is little cause for wonder. These men were, as we are so often told, the embodiment of the middle-class *weltanschauung*, and that at its best. On the one hand, the bloodshed, poverty, and statism caused by war filled them with horror. On the other, they had no sympathy with the "glories" of war—which means, no love for the way in which certain people heighten the drama and intensity of their own lives by creating a stageset requiring the destruction of the lives of other people (George Patton offers a good example of this process in our own time). Heraclitus was wrong, Mises wrote in *The Free and Prosperous Commonwealth*: *peace*, not war, is the father of all things. And, we may add, Schumpeter was correct in seeing this insight as probably the most enduring contribution to world civilization by the industrious and creative middle class of nineteenth century Europe and America.

There is no question but that, of all the great classical liberals who championed peace, the men whose names are most closely associated with that cause are the leaders of the Manchester school, Richard Cobden and John Bright (arguably the two noblest individuals who have ever sat in the House of Commons). In the present day, the Manchester school is best known for its strict adherence to laissez faire (*Manchestertum* is commonly used in German as a generic name for extreme economic liberalism): its opposition to state regulation of hours and conditions of work (except for children), any but the meagerest taxes, coercive trade-unionism, government meddling in general but particularly protective tariffs, and, above all, the tariffs on grain, the Corn Laws. To the Manchesterites, the Corn Laws represented purely and simply a tribute levied by the Lords and great proprietors of the soil on the productive classes of Britain, and the repeal of those Laws in 1846—which, perhaps even more than the Reform Bill of 1832, signalled the fading of the ancient system of rule by Whig and Tory landed interests—was largely the work of Cobden's and Bright's great Anti-Corn Law League. But, as with Frédéric Bastiat, who learned much from them and who helped spread their views on the Continent, these most famous of free traders believed that their doctrine would serve even higher ends than material abundance: free trade was to be a major means for the eventual elimination of war (which, along with paper money, Cobden called "the curse and scourge of the working classes"), by tightly interconnecting the economic wellbeing of all civilized nations.

Here, their theory, though often ridiculed, can be supported by the fact that the reversion of most major nations to protectionism after about 1880 was surely part of the process of steadily augmenting international antagonism that finally led to war in 1914. By the same token the utter inconceivability of present-day France and West Germany going to war—even if they had continued to have great power status—would be a good confirmation of Manchester school expectations (except that, for Cobden and his friends, the ideal was worldwide economic integration).

But while the interest of the great majority in all countries was peace, Cobden and Bright were well aware that both specific wars and long-term patterns of belligerency on the part of governments could be explained by and large by reference to the interests of *particular* groups within the governing circles—the interests, more or less, of what Bright was fond of calling the "tax-eating" rather than the "tax-paying"class. In the social order of mid-nineteenth century Britain, these "tax-eaters" were the aristocracy, with its ramified sinecures in the Army and Navy, the Foreign Office and colonial bureaucracy, and the established Church, and, to a lesser degree, certain capitalist groups wishing to spread foreign trade with the backing of English military and political power. And it was the producing classes of Britain who, through merciless taxation, had to pay for militaristic policies. (Interestingly, Cobden traces much of the miserable condition of the British workers in the earlier stages of the Industrial Revolution to the war policy of the British government—England was at war almost continuously from 1793 to 1815—a point which is recognized but not, I think, sufficiently appreciated by libertarian pro-Industrial Revolution scholars such as T.S. Ashton.)

So that, besides pressing for the changes in the direction of free trade that would tend to make war an increasingly self-defeating economic proposition, the Manchester liberals considered it their duty also to attack and expose the particular wars into which England was always drifting or threatening to drift. "It would seem," Cobden asserted, "as if there were some unseen power behind the Government, always able, unless held in check by an agitation in the country, to help itself to a portion of the national

savings, limited only by the taxable patience of the public." Cobden, Bright, and their followers sought to provide the necessary checks on this unseen power. As politicians, they consistently took antiwar positions, most famously in their almost solitary battle against the Crimean War, waged by Britain and France against Russia for the defense of Turkey. (Sixty-five years later, the leaders of the two Western Entente powers, in the secret Treaty of London, were to offer Russia both Constantinople and the Straits; you don't have to be an anarchist to wonder just what it was that half a million men gave their lives for in the Crimea.)

But Richard Cobden was not only a hero of peace in the political arena. He was also, as this reprint by Garland Press of his most important works brings to our attention, the greatest libertarian *theorist* of international relations who ever lived.

"No Foreign Politics"

Cobden's views on foreign policy can almost be summed up in the quotation, from George Washington's Farewell Address to the American people, which he placed on the title page of the very first work he ever published (*England, Ireland and America*, in 1835; the work was signed, "A Manchester Manufacturer"): "The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible." For in Cobden's mind, "the primary cause of all the prosperity and happiness of [the American] people is to be found in the wisdom of that advice." As a young man he optimistically expected that some day "the test of 'no foreign politics'" would be "applied to those who offer to become the representatives of free constituencies," and although political experience withered away his optimism in this regard (the British public's fevered enthusiasm for the Crimean war was an eye-opener for him), the principle set by Washington was his guiding star throughout his political and polemical career.

In recent years a number of liberal and socialist scholars have tried to blur the historical distinctiveness of this libertarian position by speaking of something they call "free trade imperialism," A concept central to leftist interpretations of the modern foreign policies of both England and the United States. Actual military control and political hegemony, the argument goes, are not necessary conditions of imperialism. As long as Britain in the nineteenth century and the United States more recently were prepared *any time the occasion should arise* to use their military and political power in furthering their primary aim—the extension of their foreign trade and foreign investments—then a form of imperialism not much different from the more conventional varieties existed: i.e., "free trade" imperialism.

While I would object to "free trade imperialism" as a contradiction in terms, I find that this argument has a good deal of merit to it (although, unlike J.A. Hobson, its propounders are totally blind to the State bureaucracy's own material interest in foreign expansion). To my mind, William Appleman Williams, Lloyd Gardner, and others are persuasive when they employ this concept to help explain, for instance, the origins of the Cold War. But none of this has anything to do, logically or historically, with the libertarian attitude, as exemplified by Cobden and others. In the chapter on "The Protection of Commerce," in his pamphlet *Russia* (1836), for example, he wrote: "Affairs of trade, like matters of conscience, change their very nature if touched by the hand of violence; for as faith, if forced, would no longer be religion, but hypocrisy, so commerce becomes robbery if coerced by warlike armaments." One is free to say, as many New Left historians no doubt would, that such a view is "unrealistic," that it "could not meet the needs of a maturing capitalism," etc., etc. Nonetheless it existed and was the position of the most prominent free traders of the nineteenth century; and, consistently applied, it would make impossible most of what is understood by "free trade imperialism," as well as the international conflicts and resentments to which it has led.

One of the main reasons why Cobden was known in his day as a "Radical" will become evident to anyone who peruses these volumes. He was a harping critic of the status quo in Britain (and Ireland), and an incessant nagger and needler, especially of those who ran the foreign affairs of the country. For this very reason, a recent reviewer for *National Review* (a writer connected with the Nixon White House, I believe, although not himself in jail), contrasted the great friend of freedom and peace unfavorably with the war-mongering Lord Palmerston: in the reviewer's opinion, Cobden simply was not a *fun-person*. A sort of middle-class Banquo's Ghost, Cobden was always pointing out to a public that preferred to dwell on the fantasies and tinsel-symbols of British world-power ("Empress of India") that the source of soldiers and ships is the wealth of those who work, and their main purpose is to terrorize and slaughter defenseless natives. The following examples typifies Cobden's ongoing radical critique of England's world-role: "The peace party ...will never rouse the conscience of the people so long as they allow them to indulge in the comforting delusion that we have been a peace-loving people. We have been the most combative and aggressive community that has existed since the days of the Roman dominion. Since the Revolution of 1688 we have expended more than 15 hundred millions of money upon wars, not one of which has been upon our own shores, or in defense of our hearths and homes." He speaks of "our insatiable love of territorial aggrandizement," of the fact that "in the insolence of our might, and without waiting for the assaults of envious enemies, we have sallied forth in search of conquest or rapine, and carried bloodshed into every quarter of the globe." In his work, *How Wars are Got up in India* (which, as Paul Goodman said of Wilhelm Reich's *The Function of the Orgasm*, is a classic already by virtue of its title), he warns that England must make "timely atonement and reparation" and "put an end to the deeds of violence and injustice which have marked every step of our progress in India," or else face the inevitable providential "punishment for imperial crimes."

Now knee-jerk conservatism's response to this line of thought is, of course, to cry "masochism" and "self-flagellation" (facile words—but *real* insight into what "masochism" might mean in a political context would probably give the average conservative an anxiety attack). Naturally, it is nothing of the kind, since there is no real self-referral in the accusations. Those responsible for the "imperial crimes" are the governors; they are not ordinary productive men and women, like Cobden, who are exploited for imperialism's sake. Rather than being "masochistic," Cobden's indictments exhale a healthy Christian pugnacity, even while he is hauling "his country" before the bar of justice.

Libertarianism and Revisionism

The reader of this exciting collection of Cobden's writings—all, significantly, devoted to foreign affairs—will note the beautiful irony in the contemporary ring of many of the issues raised. He mentions, for instance, the widespread rumors that the French Admiralty had sent spies to map out the English coast for possible invasion sites (as if any information they could conceivably obtain were not already available from atlases, the south coast of England being rather well-known to sailors!), reminiscent of Franklin Roosevelt's lie about the "map" that had fallen into his possession showing how the Germans were planning to invade South America from Dakar. There is his attack on Britain's going to war in defense of unspeakable Turkey, "a fierce, unmitigated military despotism, allied with the fanaticism of a brutalizing religion, which teaches its followers to rely on the sword, and to disdain all improvements and labor," bringing to mind our own alliances with any number of tyrannical regimes and corrupt social systems around the world. He cites, too, the sage counsel of a certain Major J.W. Perry Watlington, M.P., viz., that if Lord Palmerston, "who has the command of all the resources of knowledge and information," asks for millions for coastal fortifications against the French, "then it would be positive madness to doubt the danger, and it would be culpable negligence not to be prepared for it," presenting an obvious parallel to the mindless apologists for Presidential power in recent American history. And

cost-overruns were evidently already notorious by the middle of the nineteenth century, having doubtless existed from the very beginnings of "defense" establishments.

Cobden's writings are especially interesting for their revisionist analyses of the origins of England's wars, evidencing once more the inner logical connection between revisionist historiography and libertarianism. Nothing so reveals the State for the murderous farce it is as the exposure of its studied duplicity and hypocrisy in maneuvering peoples into bloody conflicts with each other (Winston Churchill's reputation among American conservatives might suffer somewhat if they were aware of the fact that he made virtually a lifelong career out of "embroiling"—his word—the United States in world wars in defense of the British Empire). In this spirit, in his brilliant revisionist essay, *1793 and 1853*, Cobden takes on the myth that the Anglo-French War of 1793, which went on, with unimportant interruptions, until Waterloo, was caused by some expansionist dynamism inherent in the new French Revolutionary "religion." The documents show rather, Cobden found, that it was caused by the determination of the British ruling class to prevent the spread of the democratic contagion. All revisionist works teach a lesson, and Cobden (in the midst of war agitation against France, hence the second date in his title) hoped "that all might understand the 'true secret' of despots, which is to employ one nation in cutting the throats of another, so that neither may have time to reform the abuses in their own domestic government." On the contrary, he declared, "the true secret of the people is to remain on their guard against false alarms about the intended aggressions of their neighbors, which when too credulously believed, give to governments all the political advantages of a war, without its risks; for they keep men's minds in a degrading state of fear and dependence, and afford the excuse for continually increasing government expenditures."

The libertarian-learning British economic writer Samuel Brittan, in his remarkable book *Capitalism and the Permissive Society*, recently wrote: "The need for a modern Cobdenite movement which would combine belief in both personal and economic freedom with nonintervention overseas has still to be met. It might attract much more general support than the conventional Tory or Labour politician would suppose." Actually, there are signs that such a movement, in our country at least, may be underway. In *The High Priests of Waste*, A. Ernest Fitzgerald (associated with the National Taxpayers Union) declared: "It is undoubtedly true that subject population exploitation is a major objective of the [American] military spending coalition. The people marked for exploitation, though, are not the masses of troublesome, illiterate, disease-ridden peasants in underdeveloped countries.... The exploited masses are United States taxpayers, the most productive and easily managed subject population in the history of the world." This is a magnificent example of a Cobdenite sentiment, Cobdenly expressed. The defenders of the interests of our New Aristocracy have had the floor and the final say for a long time now. Isn't it time we began, on a wide scale, to rediscover the great Anglo-American libertarian tradition of nonintervention and anti-imperialism, and, at its center, the thought of the immortal Richard Cobden, "Manchester Manufacturer"? □

Book Review/W.J. Griffith III

Back in the USSR

From the Wilson Administration on, the United States has frequently appeased, condoned, and on numerous occasions, even encouraged and subsidized Soviet tyranny, while often displaying indifference and sometimes hostility toward the victims of Communist aggression and suppression. Julius Epstein's book, *Operation Keelhaul*, details numerous cases of free world hostility, with tragic consequences for the victims.

True, American political leaders have enunciated concern about Moscow's rapacious imperialism, but the historical record reveals that the United States almost always retreats when the Communists assault the free world, sometimes after the loss of thousands of lives and billions of dollars. Vietnam is but the latest example of leaky containment and bold rhetoric.

In the kindest interpretation, British and American authorities engineered Operation Keelhaul, the forced repatriation of 2 million anti-Stalinist Soviet refugees, as a cynical means of buying the paranoid dictator's good will. In the unkindest interpretation, deporting human beings back into Stalin's madhouse involved a conscious and vicious intent to decimate the Soviet anti-Communist movement. Whatever the truth, Operation Keelhaul, along with billions of dollars worth of Lend-Lease industrial machinery for postwar construction, signalled the Kremlin that Washington and London were not going to oppose its suppression of liberty in Eastern Europe.

In refutation of the revisionist myth that the United States started the Cold War, Lend-Lease and Operation Keelhaul continued up into 1947, long after Stalin had openly intensified the Kremlin's unceasing subversion of the non-Communist world. It was President Truman's genius to recognize the reality of the Cold War which the Communists had launched against the West, particularly the United States, soon after usurping power in 1917.

Operation Keelhaul: The Story of Forced Repatriation
by Julius Epstein
Devin-Adair $8.95

In choosing the codeword "keelhaul," American and British officials demonstrated apparent awareness of the fate of the 2 million refugees they intended to banish from the free world: few victims ever survived keelhauling in the British navy. Furthermore, Epstein has unearthed official documents which prove conclusively that American civilian and military authorities realized that forced repatriation violated numerous agreements which both Moscow and Washington had previously endorsed. U.S. officers even acknowledged that under international law, the 900,000 Soviet nationals fighting in German uniforms were German POWs and not subject to deportation to the USSR. Nevertheless, U.S. propaganda leaflets dropped behind enemy lines denied Nazi charges that the allies were forcibly repatriating Soviet nationals. Both civilian and military refugees were railroaded back to Stalin's madhouse.

Soviet nationals fought with the Nazis in hopes of liberating their country from all forms of tyranny. As a German captive, General Vlasov, the popularly proclaimed leader of the Soviet refugees, published a statement making it clear that he would accept any aid, American or German, to free his country. Vlasov turned to the Germans only because the United States was allied with the Soviet refugees' worst enemy, Stalin. Hitler gave Vlasov a command only in last-ditch desperation. His reluctance was well-founded; one of Vlasov's closest German friends was Count von Stauffenberg, who tried to assassinate Hitler.

Despite massive government secrecy, Epstein has managed to trace culpability for Operation Keelhaul right up to Secretary of State Edward Stettinius and to Gen. George Marshall, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Others who approved the deportations included Henry Stimson, Charles Bohlen, Cordell Hull, Admiral Leahy, and General Eisenhower, who was positively enthusiastic about speeding up the forced repatriation. To his credit, Ike did not repeat the mistake of Operation Keelhaul after the Korean War. On the British side, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, Churchill's son-in-law, endorsed Operation Keelhaul. It is, then, almost a dead certainty that Roosevelt and Churchill also wanted to deport the refugees in violation of international law and the American principle of sanctuary.

The biggest question that Epstein, who researched the book as an associate at the Hoover Institution, fails to answer is: Who conceived Operation Keelhaul? The fault lies not with the scholar but with the American and British governments who are determined to conceal complicity in what Epstein describes as a crime against humanity. Epstein, a refugee from Hitler's tyranny, has gone to court in the United States to force the Pentagon to divulge the relevant papers. The courts have rejected his arguments by perverting the intent of the Freedom of Information Act of 1966. Regrettably, the multitude of liberals who praised the theft and publication of the Pentagon Papers have not clamored for the legal exposure of the Keelhaul papers.

The West's assistance in dragooning millions of refugees into Soviet death camps goes further than to demonstrate once more the twentieth century's cruelty and callousness toward human life. It illustrates again the double standard of the Left toward totalitarianism. During the Nuremberg trials and long afterward, many American liberals criticized, and wanted to punish, the German people for not having resisted Nazi tyranny more vigorously. Quite a few on the Left condemned the Germans collectively for Hitler's aggressions and atrocities. On the other hand, many of these same liberals have appeased and, by encouraging fifty years of East-West trade, indirectly subsidized Communist aggressions and atrocities. And through Operation Keelhaul, leftists betrayed Soviets who had the courage to resist Communist tyranny. As Solzhenitsyn says, Roosevelt, often viewed as a champion of liberty in the West, is no hero to people behind the Iron Curtain.

Solzhenitsyn also notes that never before in history have so many people deserted their country and joined the enemy. Apparently none of the officials responsible for Operation Keelhaul ever wondered why 2 million people fled their homeland in its greatest peril. The implication of Solzhenitsyn's observation seems obvious: If the West had befriended the anti-Soviet refugees, Communism might have collapsed from a lack of internal defenders. Tragically for the cause of human freedom everywhere, Roosevelt and Churchill chose to shore up the Soviet regime by disarming its enemies and delivering them to torture, starvation, and genocide.

Incredible, perhaps, but Epstein has discovered that symptoms of Operation Keelhaul continue to infect Western policy. In recent years Austria and Italy have deported thousands of refugees from Communist Yugoslavia, claiming their victims were economic, not political, escapees, and overlooking the obvious fact that Tito considers all escapes to be criminal offenses, a situation of which Austrian and Italian authorities are certainly aware. The British continue to turn back untold multitudes of Chinese caught fleeing into Hong Kong from Mao's mainland dungeon. West Germany has turned back Hungarian refugees. And even the United States has refused asylum to escapees from behind the Iron Curtain and treated shabbily some of those it has offered a sanctuary. The Coast Guard offered to let Soviet officials board an American warship to beat and abduct Simas Kidurka, who was not even a Soviet citizen. (He was recently released from a Soviet labor camp, but only after it was revealed that his mother was American.) While Kidurka was "only" a single case—at least, a single known case—undoubtedly his fate has discouraged others from trying to escape to this country.

Through meticulous and persistent research Epstein convicts Western political leaders of complicity in a continuing and massive crime against humanity. Unfortunately, the victim, not the criminal, has been punished. □

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **Amarcord:** Fellini's magnificent reminiscence of his 1930s boyhood. A lusty, loving, wry, and tender ramble through the four seasons and the many conditions of humankind. No sloppy sentimentality, but much sentiment. No holds barred, yet without the excesses of retrospective of his most recent film before this, *Roma*. A joy throughout.

■ **Earthquake:** Number 38 of the current crop of disaster films, full of outrageous special effects and a cast of zillions. Plus an added delight—the destruction of Los Angeles. Serves 'em right, too. The acting is as heavy as the falling buildings, but the buildings falling are the real stars. It comes in "sensurround," a sort of feelie technique, so expect to quake a bit in your seat.

■ **Freebie and the Bean:** Absolutely the worst cop film in years, give or take *Busting*. Alan Arkin and James Caan as the oddly-named "heroes," Valerie Harper ("Rhoda") as a Chicano housewife!, blood, guts, mayhem, madness, viciousness, and inanity: this is called a comedy.

■ **The Godfather, Part II:** Surpasses the original by a mile, with Al Pacino as the young Don, and Robert De Niro in flashback as the original godfather—the Brando role in the first movie. Over three hours long, but worth every minute; probably the best examination of syndicate crime in the movies. Terrific detail, ambience, dialogue, cinema analysis. A sequel to treasure.

■ **Lacombe, Lucien:** An absolute triumph from Louis Malle, the story of a young French peasant who becomes a collaborator in 1944, finds happiness doing the Nazis' dirty work and more happiness with a Jewish girl, then. . . . Beautifully done, not preachy, powerfully communicating its message by example, subtly, brilliantly.

■ **Lenny:** Dustin Hoffman as the liberals' scourge, Lenny Bruce, here transformed into a liberal saint. Somewhere deep inside there's an important message: don't stifle your eccentrics; let 'em be. But the film buries Lenny under the weight of its own reverence, showing us only a bit of the Lenny who skewered every convention, who made fun of everybody and everything, who rewrote the book on bad taste. Hoffman is superb, and so is Valerie Perrine as his wife, Honey. Some of the material is well transposed directly from Bruce's routines to the film, though much of it is too chopped up to retain its power. *Lenny* is but a part of the real Bruce, and that not the least attractive, though it's grim enough.

■ **The Phantom of Liberty:** Another extended dig at the bourgeoisie, from Luis Buñuel. Everything turned upside down, every convention shattered, all connective tissue severed, until at the end one suddenly realizes that one hasn't understood a bit of it. At least I didn't. But since every Buñuel film is an extend-

(continued on page 35)

"Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad."—Euripides

Current Wisdom

FATHERLESS POLICIES: From reading this version of TRB's column one would never guess what presidential administration or what ideologues introduced American agricultural programs that pay farmers not to grow crops:

Little nations like Yemen and Upper Volta regard us askance. After all, when half the world was hungry, imperial [*sic*] America paid farmers not to grow food. We slaughtered calves the other day too. This is no new thing.

—*New Republic*
November 30, 1974

RAVE NOTICES: Another yahoo is loosed on the correspondence page of *The Nation*:

Dear Sirs: How could you forget Martha Mitchell in your editorial list of credits? I depend on *The Nation* to be thorough and thoughtful.... Martha Mitchell was the first to shake us out of our complacency and blow the cover on the thugs by calling them by their rightful names. But when it was only a woman that they abused, it was discounted. No one in Watergate has suffered as she has, and no one has had less credit—a terrible kind of snobbery. She is an outcast who has lost everything, including her daughter, and all emotional and economic support. Nixon loses none of that! At least she has a place in our files which we are trying to microfilm for use in public libraries (because we are going out of business due to lack of funds). We'd be glad for people to send material on her, and tax-deductible donations for the filming and distribution of our Law Microfilm to Women's History Library, 2325 Oak St., Berkeley, Calif. 94708.

—*The Nation*
September 7, 1974

PUBLIC NOTICE: The notable Mr. James David Barber delivers up a reassuring pronunciamento to the loyal readers of *Psychology Today*, the magazine for the enlightened gossip:

I was urging his impeachment or resignation from Cambodia on—his removal from an office in which, I thought, he was doing great harm. But I was not—am not—for excluding him from the human race.

—*Psychology Today*
October 1974

THE USES OF HISTORY: Hard times for the black man are not over yet as becomes clear in this forward-looking commentary from Dr. Christopher D. Stone, author of *Should Trees Have Standing? Toward Legal Rights for Natural Objects* and other goofball stuff:

The notion of extending legal rights to environmental objects—oceans, rivers, forests—sounds absurd and unthinkable when first encountered. But viewed historically, it is not so. The entire history of the law has been an ever-widening extension in those "things" accorded legal rights, and thus constituted "persons" within the law.

In Roman law the father had *jus vitae necisque*—the power of life and death—over his children. In thirteenth-century England, Jews were treated as men *ferae naturae*, protected by a quasi-forest-law, like the roe and the deer.

Women, particularly married women, only recently were recognized as persons fully capable of holding legal rights.

So, too, it is only through begrudged evolution—that is still in progress—that rights have been accorded the insane, blacks, aliens, fetuses, and Indians.

—*New York Times*
August 29, 1974

REPORT FROM MORONIA: The famed *Chicago Tribune* preserves for future historians the complicated reflections of an émigré metaphysician:

Francine A. Marconi, 25, has become so enamored of California's majestic redwood trees that she decided she wanted to be named after them.

Miss Marconi, a law firm employe and a native of Illinois, said in a Superior Court petition that she wants her name changed to California Redwood Lady.

"The whole universe is vibrations," she said. "Names have certain vibrations. My old name didn't have good vibrations. My new one does."

Miss Marconi said the redwood trees of the north coast were beautiful and she thought, "Redwood—oh, that's me too!"

—*Chicago Tribune*
November 23, 1974

PATTER OF GENIUS: Political reflections from the new governor of the sovereign state of California, the Hon. Jerry Brown, a political equivalent to Gracie Allen:

The political process is like a piece of ice on a hot stove. It rides on its own melting.

The trouble with the drunk-driving laws is that drunk and sober are metaphysical concepts.

Humani nil a me alienum puto (Nothing human is alien to me). That's why I can sit with millionaires at the Bohemian Grove one day and George Meany the next.

—*Newsweek*
November 25, 1974

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA: The former Grand Panjandrum of Vermont's Environmental Board, Mr. Benjamin W. Partridge, has the courage to look beyond. Hail the new age!:

You have to compare the rights of the individual with the needs and rights of other individuals. As we move from a free society into more complexities, we need to control and legally help to insure the perfectibility of man."

—*Brattleboro* (Vermont) *Reformer*
November 19, 1974

BANANAS: Mr. Richard Burton proves that Mr. Churchill should have allowed a few more bombs to fall on Wales:

What sane man, for instance, bred in the bone by sentiments of honor and fair-mindedness, could have said of the Germans in 1939, when Churchill became First Lord of the Admiralty, "They must bleed and burn, they must be crushed into a mass of smouldering ruins"? Was it a simple exercise in hyperbole, his usual rodomontade, heavily sententious and magniloquently idiotic, or was it what he actually meant? Was it the child Churchill wrestling out of the womb, babbling of annihilation and havoc or was it the man Churchill—if he can ever be said to have left the nursery—trying to breathe dreadful life into those terrible words?

What man of sanity could say on hearing of the atrocities committed by the Japanese against British and Anzac prisoners of war, "We shall wipe them out, everyone of them, men, women, and children. There shall not be a Japanese left on the face of the earth"? Such simple-minded cravings for revenge leave me with a horrified but reluctant awe for such single-minded and merciless ferocity—but then so am I awed by Attila the Hun, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane the Great, Lenin, Hitler, and Stalin. Yet so terrible a personification of evil cannot fail to raise every long-gone atavistic hair down the length of my spine.

—*New York Times*
December 1, 1974

TRUE CONFESSIONS: Mrs. Charles Prescott, heroine of the literary masterpiece *The 42nd Year of Mrs. Charles Prescott*, essays the turning-point of the twentieth century:

To give an idea of how retarded I was about sex, I didn't really know much about the clitoris until Eisenhower was elected.

—*The 42nd Year of Mrs. Charles Prescott*
Harper's Magazine Press

BRUDNOY'S INDEX
(continued from page 33)

ed dig at the bourgeoisie, this must be too.

■ **The Phantom of the Paradise:** A devastating, if bungled, reworking of the Faust tale with elements of the phantom of the opera horror story, attempting a dissection of the squalidness of the rock 'n' roll industry. Some horrifying effects, moments of breathtakingly original music, and many scenes that simply collapse of their own ponderousness.

■ **Scenes from a Marriage:** Ingmar Bergman's investigation of a modern alliance gone sour, distilled from a lengthy six-part TV series into an awesomely jarring movie starring Liv Ullmann. Not for those whose marriages are on the rocks, this is a sophisticated, chilling, phenomenally fine work.

■ **The Towering Inferno:** When the tallest building on earth catches fire, all your favorite stars are caught within. Heroism, knavery, courage, fear, love, lust, hate, nice clothes, and simply magnificent special effects. After the tenth incinerated victim plunges to his death, the plot wears thin. Fred Astaire, Robert Wagner, Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, Faye Dunaway, and just *everybody* who's anybody. The dialogue is as if meant for chiseling in stone, the fire *do* go on, man, and on, and on, and it's a pity that they all didn't fry in the first reel.

■ **The Trial of Billy Jack:** How much treacle can the counterculture stomach? They're flocking to this like salmon up the stream. Sanctimoniousness envelopes the film, Tom Laughlin and Delores Taylor are all dewy-eyed and idealism personified, and those adorable kids, oh those adorable kids: how wonderful the current generation is.

■ **A Woman under the Influence:** The finest American film of 1974, John Cassavetes' unnerving, devastating examination of a wife distraught beyond repair, with Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands.

■ **Young Frankenstein:** Mel Brooks' latest mad comedy, starring Gene Wilder as *the* Frankenstein's grandson ("I pronounce it Fronkensteen; my grandfather was doo-doo!") The ultimate send-off of the enduring old classic, with enough In jokes to keep the film history buff happy, and enough broad humor for everyone. Marty Feldman as good servant Igor (pronounced Eye-gore), with a movable hump; Cloris Leachman as the mad Frau Blucher, the very mention of whose name frightens the horses; Madeline Kahn as Frankenstein's girl friend; Peter Boyle as the monster. Much fun with lines like this: "Pardon me, boy, is this the Transylvania station?", "Ja, Mein Herr. Wanna shine?" Delicious. □

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